THE WORKES OF THE Famous and worthy Knight, Sir DAVID LINDSAIE *of the Mont,* Alias Lyoun King of Armes.

Newly corrected and vindicate from the former errors, wherewith they were before corrupted, *and augmented with ſundrie workes neuer before imprinted.*

Viuet etiam poſt funera virtus:

IOB. 7

Militia eſt Vita hominis ſuper terram.

Imprinted at Edinburgh by Robert Charteris, Printer to the Kinges moſt excellent Maieſtie, and are to be ſolde *in London by* Nathaniell Butter, *at his ſhoppe neare S. Auſtens Church in the old Change,*

1604

Walter ANE Roſs

SATYRE OF THE THRIE ESTAITS,

in commendation of vertew *and vituperation of vyce.*

Maid be Sir Dauid Lindeſay of the Mont, alias, Lyon King of Armes.

AT EDINBVRGH
PRINTED BE ROBERT CHARTERIS.
1602.
CVM PRIVILEGIO REGIS.

B 1835 by Mr B Thorpe } from Caley's sale
1st parcel

256
7/17/6

Presents on a B 1 after title Pt Sq Well

John Caley / Greys Inn. /
Bequeathed to him in 1795 by his Friend Nath. Matt. Knapp Esqr. of Little Lynford. Bucks. F.A.S.

x 6122 e 7

33. D. 3

[illegible] me [illegible] [illegible] in myn armys
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] p. 142.
[illegible] [illegible] Statutes p. 133.

24 DEC 51

ANE

Pleasant Satyre of the thrie

ESTAITIS IN COMMENDATIOVN

of vertew and vituperatioun of

vyce, as followis.

DILIGENCE.

THe Father and founder of faith and felicitie,
That zour fassioun formed to his similitude
And his Sone our Sauiour scheild in necessitie,
That bocht zow from baillis ranson
Repleadge and his presonaris with his hart-blude (rude,
The halie Gaist gouernour and grounder of grace
Of wisdome and weilfair baith fontaine and flude,
Gif zow all that I sie seasit in this place,
And scheild zow from sinne:
And with his Spreit zow inspyre
Till I haue shawin my desyre
Silence Soueraine I requyre
For now I begin.

¶ TAk teht to me my freinds and hald zow coy.
For I am sent to zow as messingeir,
From ane nobill and rycht redoubtit Roy:
The quhilk hes bene absent this monie zeir,

Humanitie giue ze his name wald speir:
Quha bade me shaw to zow but variance,
That he intendis amang zow to compeir,
VVith ane triumph and awfull ordinance:
VVith crown and sword and sceptor in his hand,
Temperit with mercie quhen penitence appeiris:
How beit that hee lang tyme hes bene sleipand,
Quhairthrow misreull hes rung thir monie zeiris:
That innocentis hes bene brocht on thair beiris,
Be fals reporteris of this natioun:
Thocht zoung oppressouris at the elder leiris,
Be now assurit of reformatioun.
¶ Sie no misdoeris be sa bauld,
As to remaine into this hauld:
For quhy be him that Iudas sauld
Thay will be heich hangit.
Now faithfull folk for ioy may sing:
For quhy it is the iust bidding
Of my soveraine lord the king
That na man be wrangit.
Thocht he ane quhyll into his flouris
Be gouernit be vylde trompouris:
And sumtyme lufe his paramouris,
Hauld ze him excusit.
For quhen he meittis with Correctioun,
VVith Veritie and Discretioun,
Thay will be banisched aff the toun,
Quhilk hes him abusit.
¶ And heir be oppin proclamatioun,
I warne in name of his magnificence,
The thrie estaitis of this natioun,
That thay compeir with detfull diligence:

And till his grace mak thair obedience,
And first I wairne the Spritualitie,
And sie the burgessis spair not for expence:
Bot speid thame heir with Temporalitie.
Als I beseik zow famous auditouris,
Conveinit in this congregatioun,
To be patient the space of certaine houris,
Till ze haue hard our short narratioun.
And als we mak zow supplicatioun,
That na man tak our wordis intill disdaine:
Althocht zehear be declamatioun,
The common-weill richt pitiouslie complaine.
Rycht so the verteous ladie Veritie,
VVill mak ane pitious lamentatioun:
Als for the treuth sho will impresonit be,
And banischit lang tyme out of the toun:
And Chastitie will mak narratioun,
How sho can get na ludging in this land,
Till that the heauinlie king Correctioun,
Meit with the king and commoun hand for hand.
¶ Prudent peopill I pray zow all,
Tak na man greif in speciall:
For wee sall speik in generall,
For pastyme and for play.
Thairfoir till all our rymis be sung,
And our mistoinit sangis be sung,
Let euerie man keip weill ane toung,
And euerie woman tway.

Rex Humanitas.

¶ O Lord of Lords and King of kingis all,
Omnipotent of power Prince but peir,
Euer ringand in gloir Celestial

Quha be great micht and haiſing na mateir
Maid heauin and eird, fyre, air and watter cleir
Send me thy grace with peace perpetuall,
That I may rewll my realme to thy pleaſeir,
Syne bring my ſaull to ioy angelicall.
Sen thow hes giuin mee dominatioun
And rewll of pepill ſubiect to my cure,
Be I nocht rewlit be counſall and reſſoun,
In dignitie I may nocht lang indure.
I grant my ſtait my ſelf may nocht aſſure
Nor zit conſerue my lyfe in ſickernes:
Haue pitie Lord on mee thy creature
Supportand me in all my buſines.
I thee requeiſt quha rent was on the Rude,
Me to defend from the deids of defame:
That my pepill report of me bot gude,
And be my ſaifgaird baith from ſin and ſhame.
I knaw my dayis induris bot as ane dreame,
Thairfoir O Lord I hairtlie the exhort,
To gif me grace to vſe my diadeame
To thy pleaſure and to my great comfort.

Wantonnes.

¶ My Soueraine Lord and Prince but peir,
Quhat garris zow mak ſic dreirie cheir?
Be blyth ſa lang as zee ar heir,
And paſs tyme with pleaſure:
For als lang leifis the mirrie man,
As the ſorie for ocht he can:
His banis full ſair Sir ſall I ban
That dois zow diſpleaſure.
Sa lang as Placebo and I,
Remaines into zour company,

zow

Zour grace ſall leif richt mirrely:
Of this haiſze na dout.
Sa lang as ze haue vs in cure,
Zour grace ſir ſall want na pleaſure:
Wat Solace heir I zow aſſure,
He wald reioyce this rout.

Placebo.

Gude brother myne quhair is Solace
The mirrour of all mirrines,
I haue great meruell be the Mes
He taries ſa lang.
Byde he away, wee ar bot ſhent,
I ferlie how he fra vs went:
I trow he hes impediment
That lettis him nocht gang.
Wantonnes I left Solace that ſame greit loun
Drink and into the burrowe toun,
It will coſt him halfe of ane croun,
Althocht he had na mair.
And als he ſaid hee wald gang ſee
Fair ladie Senſualitie,
The buriall of all bewtie,
And portratour preclair.

Placebo. Be God I ſee him at the laſt
As he war chaiſt rynnand richt faſt,
He glowris euin as he war agaſt
Or fleyit of ane gaiſt.
Na, he is wod drunkin I trow,
Se ze not that he is wod fow:
I ken weill be his creiſchie mow
He hes bene at ane feaſt.

Solace.

Now quha ſaw euer ſic ane thrang?
Me thocht ſum ſaid I had gaine wrang,
Had I help I wald ſing ane ſang
With ane rycht mirrie noyſe.
I haue ſic pleaſour at my hart,
That gartis me ſing the troubill pairt:
Wald ſum gude fallow fill the quart
It wald my hairt reioyce.
Howbeit my coat be ſhort and nippit,
Thankis be to God I am weill hippit
Thocht all my gold may ſhone be grippit
Intill ane pennie purſſe.
Thocht I ane ſeruand lang haif bene,
My purchais is nocht worth ane preine:
I may ſing Peſſlis on the greine
For ocht that I may turſſe.
Quhat is my name can ze not geſſe,
Sirs ken ze nocht Sandie ſolace?
Thay callit my mother bonie Beſſe
That dwelt betwene the bowis.
Of twelf zeir auld ſho learnit to ſwyfe,
Thankit be the great God on lyue:
Scho maid me fatheris four or fyue,
But dout this is na mowis.
Quhen ane was deid ſho gat ane vther,
Was never man had ſic ane mother.
Of fatheris ſho maid me ane futher,
Of lawit men and leirit:
Scho is baith wyſe, worthie and wicht,
For ſcho ſpairis nouther kuik nor knycht:
Zea four and twentie on ane nicht,
And ay thair eine ſcho bleirit.

And

And gif I lie firs ze may ſpeir:
Bot ſaw ze nocht the King cum heir?
I am ane ſportour and playfeir
To that Royall zoung King:
He ſaid he wald within ſchort ſpace
Compas his tyme into this place:
I pray the Lord to ſend him grace,
That he lang tyme may ring.
Placebo, Solace quhy taryit ze ſa lang?
Solace. The feind a faſter I micht gang:
I micht not thriſt out throw the thrang,
Of wyfes fyftein fidder:
Then for to rin I tuik ane rink,
Bot I felt neuer ſik ane ſtink:
For our lordis luif gif me ane drink,
Placebo my deir brother.
Rex Hu. My ſervant Solace quhat gart zow tarie?
Solace. I wait not ſir be ſweit ſaint Marie,
I haue bene in ane feirie farie
Or ellis intill ane trance:
Sir I haue ſene I zow aſſure
The faireſt earthlie creature,
That ever was formit be nature
And maiſt for to advance,
To luik on hir is great delyte,
With lippis reid and cheikis quhyte
I wald renunce all this warld quyte
For till ſtand in hir grace:
Scho is wantoun and ſcho is wyſe:
And cled ſcho is on the new gyſe,
It wald gar all zour fleſche vp ryſe
To luik vpon hir face,

War I ane king it ſould be kend,
I ſould not ſpair on hir to ſpend:
And this ſame nicht for hir to ſend,
For my pleaſure:
Quhat rak of zour proſperitie,
Gif ze want Senſualitie?
I wald nocht gif ane ſillie flie,
For zour treaſure.
¶ Rex. Forſuith my freinds I think ze ar not wyſe,
Till counſall me to break commandement
Direct it be the Prince of Paradyce:
Conſidering ze knaw that my intent
Is for till be to God obedient,
Quhilk dois forbid men to be lecherous:
Do I nocht ſa perchance I will repent,
Thairfoir I think zour counſall odious.
¶ The quhilk ze gaif mee till,
Becaus I haue bene to this day
Tanquam tabula raſa:
That is als mekill as to ſay.
Redie for gude and ill,
Placebo. Beleiue ze that we will begyll zow,
Or from zour vertew we will wyle zow,
Or with euill counſall overſeyll zow,
Both into gude and euill:
To tak zour graces part wee grant
In all zour deidis participant,
Sa that ze be nocht ane zoung ſanct
And ſyne ane auld deuill.
¶ Wanton. Beleiue ze Sir that Lecherie be ſin,
Na, trow nocht that, this is my reſſoun quhy,
Firſt at the Romane Kirk will ze begin

Quhilk

Quhilk is the lemand lamp of lechery:
Quhair Cardinals ane Bischops generally
To luif Ladies thay think ane pleasant sport,
And out of Rome hes baneist Chastity
Quha with our Prelats can get na resort.
¶ Solace. Sir quhill ze get ane prudent Queine,
I think zour Maiestie ferein
Sould haue ane iustie Concubein,
To play zow withall:
For I knaw, be zour qualitie,
Ze want the gift of chastitie
Fall to *in nomine Domini*,
This is my counsall.
I speik Sir vnder protestatioun,
That nane at me haif indignatioun:
For all the Prelats of this natioun,
For the maist part:
Thay think na schame to haue ane huir,
And sum hes thrie vnder thair cuir:
This to be trew I le zow assuir
Ze sall heir efterwart.
¶ Sir knew all the mater throch
To play ze wald begin,
Speir at the Monks of Bamirrinoch,
Gif lecherie be sin.
¶ Placebo. Sir send ze for Sandie solace,
Or ells zour monzeoun Wantonnes,
And pray my Ladie Priores,
The suith till declair:
Gif it be sin to tak Kaity,
Or to leif like ane bummill baty
The buik sayis *Omnia probate*

And nocht for to ſpair.

Senſualitie.

¶ Luifers awalk behald the fyrie ſpheir,
Behauld the naturall dochter of Venus:
Behauld Luifers this luſtie Ladie cleir
The freſche fonteine of Knichtis amorous
Repleit with ioyis dulce and delicious:
Or quha wald mak to Venus obſervance?
In my mirthfull chalmer melodious,
Thair ſall thay find all paſtyme and pleaſance,
Behauld my heid behauld my gay attyre,
Behauld my hallſe luſum and lilie quhite:
Behauld my viſage flammand as the fyre
Behauld my papis of portratour perfyte,
To luke on mee luiffers hes greit delyte,
Rycht ſa hes all the Kinges of Chriſtindome:
To thame I haif done pleaſouris infinite,
And ſpeciallie vnto the Court of Rome.
¶ Ane kis of me war worth in ane morning
A milzioun of gold to Knicht or King.
And zit I am of nature ſa towart
I lat no luiffer pas with ane ſair hart.
Of my name wald ze wit the veritie,
Forſuith thay call me Senſualitie.
I hauld it beſt now or we farther gang,
To Dame Venus let vs go ſing ane ſang.

Hamelines.

¶ Madame but tarying,
For to ſerue Venus deir,
We ſall fall to and ſing,
Sifter Danger cum neir.

Danger.

Sifter

Sister I was nocht sweir
To Venus obseruance,
Howbeit I mak Dangeir:
Zit be continuance,
Men may haue thair pleasance:
Thairfoir let na man fray,
We will tak it perchance,
Howbeit that wee say nay.
Hamelines. Sister cum on zour way,
And let vs nocht think lang:
In all the haist wee may,
To sing Venus ane sang.
¶ Danger. Sister sing this sang I may not,
Without the help of gude Fund-lonet:
Fund-lonet, hoaw cum tak a part.
Fund lonet. That sall I do with all my hart:
Sister howbeit that I am hais,
I am content to beir a bais.
Ze twa sould luif me as zour lyfe,
[]Ze knaw I lernit zow baith to swyfe:
In my chalmer ze wait weill quhair,
Sen syne the feind ane man ze spair.
Hamelines. Fund-lonet, fy, ze ar to blame,
To speik foull wordis think ze not schame?
Fund lonet. Thair is ane hundreth heir standby
[]That luifis geaping als weill as I,
Micht thay get it in priuitie:
Bot quha begins the sang let se.
Rex. Vp Wantonnes thow sleipis to lang,
Me thocht I hard ane mirrie sang:
I the command in haist to gang
Se quhat zon mirth may meine.

Wantonnes. I trow Sir be the Trinitie
Zon ſame is Senſualitie,
Gif it be ſcho ſune ſall I ſie
That Soverance ſereine.
¶Rex. Quhat war thay zon to me declair?
VVant. Dame Senſuall baith gude and fair.
¶Placebo. Sir ſcho is mekill to avance,
For ſcho can baith play and dance:
That perfyt patron of pleſance
Ane perle of pulchritude:
Soft as the ſilk is hir quhite lyre,
Hir hair is like the goldin wyre:
My hart burnis in ane flame of fyre
I ſweir zow be the Rude.
I think ſcho is ſa wonder fair,
That in earth ſcho hes na compair,
War ze weill leirnit at luifis lair
And fyne had hir anis ſene:
I wait be cokis paſſioun,
Ze wald mak ſupplicatioun,
And ſpend on hir ane millioun
Hir luſe for till obteine.
Solace. Quhat ſay ze ſir ar ze content,
That ſcho cum heir incontinent:
Quhat vails zour kingdome and zour rent,
And all zour great treaſure:
Without ze haif ane mirrie lyfe,
And caſt aſyde all ſturt and ſtryfe.
And ſa lang as ze want ane wyfe,
Fall to and tak zour pleaſure.
¶Rex. Gif that be trew quhilk ze me tell,
I will not langer tarie:

Bot

Bot will gang preif that play my ſell,
Howbeit the warld me warie.
¶Als faſt as ze may carie,
Speid with all diligence:
Bring Senſualitie,
Fra-hand to my preſence.
¶Forſuth I wait not how it ſtands,
Bot ſen I hard of zour tythands,
My bodie trimblis feit and hands
And quhiles is hait as fyre:
I trow Cupido with his dart,
Hes woundit me out-throw the hart
My ſpreit will fra my bodie part,
Get I nocht my deſyre.
Pas on away with diligence,
And bring hir heir to my preſence:
Spair nocht for trauell nor expence,
I cair not for na coſt.
Pas on zour way ſchone Wantonnes,
And tak with zow Sandie ſolace,
And bring that Ladie to this place,
Or els I am bot loſt.
Commend me to that ſweiteſt thing,
And preſent hir with this ſame Ring:
And ſay I ly in languiſching,
Except ſcho mak remeid:
VVith ſiching ſair I am bot ſchent,
Without ſcho cum incontinent,
My heauie langour to relent,
And ſaif me now fra deid.
Wantonnes. Or ze taik skaith be Gods goun,
[]I leuer thair war not vp nor doun

Ane tume cunt in this toun,
Not twentie myle about.
Doubt ze nocht Sir, bot wee will get hir,
Wee ſall be feirie for till fetch hir,
Bot faith wee wald ſpeid all the better,
Till gar our purſſes rout.
Solace. Sir let na ſorrow in zow ſink,
Bot gif vs Ducats for till drink:
And wee ſall never ſleip ane wink
Till it be baek or eadge:
Ze ken weill Sir wee haue no cunze,
Rex. Solace, ſure that ſall be no ſunzie,
Beir ze that bag vpon zour lunzie,
Now ſirs win weill zour wage;
I pray zow ſpeid zow ſone againe
Wantonnes. Ze of this ſang ſir wee ar faine,
Wee ſall nether ſpair wind nor raine,
Till our days wark be done:
Fairweill for wee ar at the flicht,
Placebo rewll our Roy at richt:
We ſall be heir man or midnicht,
Thocht wee marche with the Mone.
¶ Wā. Paſtyme with pleaſāce & greit proſperitie
Be to zow Soveraine Senſualitie,
Sen, Sirs ze ar welcum quhair go ze? eiſt or weſt?
Wantonnes. In faith I trow we be at the farreſt.
Senſ. Quhat is zour name I pray zou Sir declair?
Wan. Marie Wantonnes the Kings ſecretair,
Senſ. Quhat King is that quhilk hes ſa gay a boy?
Wan. Humanitie that richt redoutit Roy,
Quhilk dois commend him to zow hartfullie,
And ſends zow heir ane ring with ane Rubie.

In takin that abuise all creatour
He hes choſen zow to be his Paramour:
He bade me ſay that he will be bot deid,
Without that ze mak haiſtelie remeid.
Sēſ. How can I help him althocht he ſuld forfair?
Ze ken richt weill I am na Medcinair.
Sol. Zes luſtie ladie thocht he war never ſa ſeik,
I wait ze beare his health into zour breik:
Ane kis of zour ſweit mow in ane morning,
Till his ſeiknes micht be greit comforting,
And als he maks zow ſupplicatioun,
This nicht to mak with him collatioun.
¶ Sēſualitie. I thank his grace of his benevolēce,
Gude ſirs I ſall be reddie evin fra hand:
In me thair ſall be fund na negligence,
Baith nicht & day quhen his grace will demand,
Pas ze befoir and ſay I am cummand,
And thinks richt lang to haif of him ane ſicht:
And I to Venus do mak ane faithfull band,
That in his arms I think to ly all nicht.
Want. That ſal be done, bot zit or I hame pas,
Heir I proteſt for Hamelynes zour las.
Senſ. Scho ſalbe at command ſir quhen ze will
I traiſt ſcho ſall find zow ſtinging zour fill.
¶ Want. Now hay for ioy and mirth I dance,
Tak thair ane gay gamond of France:
Am I nocht worthie till avance?
That am ſa gude a page:
And that ſa ſpedelie can rin,
To tyſt my maiſter vnto ſin,
The feind a penny he will win
Of this his mariage.

¶I rew richt fair be ſanct Michell,
Nor I had pearſt hir my awin ſell:
For quhy zon King be Bryds bell
Kennis na mair of ane cunt:
Nor dois the noueis of ane freir:
It war bot almis to pull my eir,
That wald not preiſ zon gallant geir:
Fy that I am ſa blunt,
I think this day to win greit thank,
Hay as ane brydlit Cat I brank:
Alace I haue wreiſtit my ſchank,
Yit I gang be ſanct Michaell.
Quhilk of my leggis Sirs as ze trow
Was it that I did hurt euin now?
Bot quhairto ſould I ſpeir at zow
I think thay baith ar haill.
¶Gude morrow Maiſter be the Mes,
Rex Welcum my minzeon Wantonnes,
How hes thow ſped in thy trauell?
Wanton. Rycht weill be him that herryit hell:
Zour erand is weill done.
Rex. Then VVantonnes how weill is mee,
Thow hes deſeruit baith meit and fie,
Be him that maid the Mone:
¶Thair is ane thing that I wald ſpeir,
Quhat ſall I do quhen ſcho cums heir?
For I knaw nocht the craft perqueir
Of luifers gyn:
Thairfoir at lenth ze mon me leir,
How to begin.
¶ Wan. To kis hir & clap hir fir be not affeard,
Sho will not ſchrink thocht ze kis hir ane ſpan within the
Gif

Gif ze think that ſho thinks ſhame the hyd ye bairnseine
With hir taill, & tent hir weil, ze wait quhat I meine:
Will ze leiſ me Sir firſt for to go to,
And I ſall leirne zow all kewis how to do.
Rex. God forbid Wantonnes that I gif the leiſe,
Thou art ouer perillous ane page ſic practiks to preiſe.
Wan. Now Sir preiſe as ze pleis, I ſe hir cumand,
Vſe zour ſelf grauelie, wee ſall by zow ſtand.
¶ Senſuall. O Queene Venus vnto thy Celſitude,
I gif gloir, honour laud and reuerence:
Quha grantit me ſic perfite pulchritude,
That Princes of my perſone haue pleaſance.
I mak ane vow with humbill obſeruance,
Richt reuerentlie thy Tempill to viſie,
With ſacrifice vnto thy Dyoſie.
Till everie ſtait I am ſo greabill,
That few or nane refuſes me at all:
Paipis, Patriarks or Prelats venerabill,
Common pepill and Princes temporall,
Ar ſubiect all to me Dame Senſuall.
Sa ſall it be ay quhill the warld indures
And ſpeciallie quhair zouthage hes the cures.
¶ Quha knawis the contrair?
I traiſt few in this companie,
Wald thay declair the veritie,
How thay vſe Senſualitie:
Bot with me maks repair.
And now my way I man auance,
Vnto ane Prince of great puiſſance,
Quhom zoung men hes in gouernance
Rolland into his rage:
I am richt glaid I zow aſſure,

That potent Prince to get in cure:
Quhilk is of lustines the luir,
And greitest of curage.
¶O potent Prince of pulchritude preclair,
God Cupido preserue zour celsitude:
And Dame Venus mot keip zour court frō cair
As I wald sho suld keip my awin hart-blud:
Rex. Welcum to me peirles in pulchritude,
Welcum to me thow sweiter nor the Lamber,
Quhilk hes maid me of all dolour denude,
Solace, convoy this Ladie to my chamber.
Sensua. I gang this gait with richt gude will,
Sir Wantonnes tarie ze stil:
And Hamelines the cap zeis fill
And beir him cumpanie.
That sall I do withoutin dout,
And he and I sall play cap'out,
Wan. Now Ladie len me that batye tout:
Fill in for I am dry.
¶ Zour dame be this trewlie,
Hes gotten vpon the gumis
Quhat rak thocht ze and I
Go iunne our iusting Lumis,
Hamelines. Content I am with gude will,
Quhen euer ze ar reddie:
Zour pleasure to fulfill,
Wantonnes. Now weill said be our Ladie,
Ile bair my Maister cumpanie,
Till that I may indure:
Gif ze be quisland wantounlie,
We sall fling on the flure.

Gude Counsall.

¶Immortall

¶ Immortall God maist of magnificence,
Quhais Maiestie na Clark can comprehend:
Muſt ſaue zow all that giuis ſic audience,
And grant zow grace him never till offend,
Quhilk on the Croce did willinglie aſcend,
And ſched his pretious blude on everie ſide:
Quhais pitious paſſioun from danger zow defend,
And be zour gratious governour and gyde.
Now my gude freinds conſidder I zow beſeik
The caus maiſt principall of my cumming,
Princis or Poteſtatis ar nocht worth ane leik,
Be thay not gydit be my gude gouerning:
Thair was never Empriour, Conquerour nor King,
Without my wiſdome that micht thair wil avance,
My name is Gude Counſall without feinzeing,
Lords for lack of my lair ar brocht to miſchance,
¶ Finallie for concluſioun,
Quha halds me at deluſioun:
Sall be brocht to confuſioun:
And this I vnderſtand,
For I haue maid my reſidence,
With hie Princes of greit puiſſance,
In Ingland, Italie and France,
And monie vther Land.
Bot out of Scotland wa alace,
Ihaif bene fleimit lang tyme ſpace,
That garris our gyders all want grace
And die beſoir thair day:
Becaus thay lychtlyit gude counſall,
Fortune turnit on thame hir faill,
Quhilk brocht this Realme to meikill baill,
Quha can the contrair ſay?

My Lords I came nocht heir to lie:
Wais me for King Humanitie,
Ovirſet with Senſualitie,
In th'entrie of his ring:
Throw vicious counſell inſolent,
Sa thay may get riches or rent,
To his weilfair thay tak na tent,
Nor quhat ſal be th'ending.
¶Zit in this Realme I wald mak ſum repair,
Gif I beleifit my name ſuld nocht forfair,
For wald this King be gydit zit with reſſoun,
And on miſdoars mak punitioun:
Howbeit I haif lang tyme bene exyllit,
I traiſt in God my name ſall zit be ſtyllit.
Sa till I ſe God ſend mair of his grace,
I purpois til repois me in this place.

Flatterie.

¶Mak roume firs hoaw, that I may rin,
Loſe quhair I am new cum,
Begaryit all with ſindrie hewis:
Let be zour din till I begin,
And I ſall ſchaw zow of my newis.
Throuchout all Chriſtindome I haue paſt,
And am cum heir now at the laſt,
Toſtit on ſea ay ſen Zuill day:
That wee war faine to hew our Maſt,
Nocht half ane myle bezond the May.
Bot now amang zow I will remaine,
I purpois never to ſail againe:
To put my lyfe in chance of watter:
Was never ſene ſic wind and raine,
Nor of Schipmen ſic clitter clatter.

Sum

Sum bade haill and sum bade standby,
On steirburd hoaw aluiff fy fy:
Quhill all the raipis beguith to rattil:
Was never Roy sa fleyd as I,
Quhen all the sails playd brittill brattill,
To se the waws it was ane wonder,
And wind that raif the sails in sunder,
Bot I lay braikand like ane Brok:
And shot sa fast aboue and vnder,
The Deuill durst not cum neir my dok.
Now am I scapit fra that effray,
Quhat say ze sirs am I nocht gay?
Se ze not Flatterie zour awin fuill?
That zeid to mak this new array,
Was I not heir with zow at Zuill?
Zes be my faith I think on weill,
Quhair ar my fallows that wald nocht fail?
We suld haue cum heir for ane cast:
Hoaw Falset hoaw.----

Falset.

---- Wa sair the Deuill
Quha is that that cryis for me sa fast
Flat. Quhy Falset brother knawis thou not me?
Am I nocht thy brother Flattrie?
Falset. Now welcome be the Trinitie
This meitting cums for gude
Now let me bresse the in my armis,
Quhen freinds meits harts warmis:
Quod Iok that frelie fud:
How happinit zow into this place?
Flatterie. Now be my saul evin on a cace
I come in sleipand at the port,

Or ever I wist amang this sort.
Quhair is Dissait that limmer loun?
Falset, I left him drink and in the toun,
He will be heir incontinent.
Flatterie. Now be the haly Sacrament,
Thay tydingis comforts all my hart:
I wait Dissait will tak my part,
He is richt craftie as ze ken,
And counsallour to the Merchand-men:
Let vs ly doun heir baith and spy,
Gif wee persaue him cummand by.

Dissait.

¶Stand by the gait that I may steir,
Aisay Koks bons, how cam I heir?
I can not mis to tak sum feir, feare.
Into sa greit ane thrang:
Marie heir ane cumlie congregatioun,
Quhat ar ze sirs all of ane natioun?
Maisters I speik be protestatioun,
In dreid ze tak me wrang.
Ken ze not sirs quhat is my name?
Gude faith I dar not schawit for schame:
Sen I was clekit of my Dame,
Zit was I never leill:
For Katie Vnsell was my mother,
And common theif my father-brother:
Of sic freindship I had ane fither, fyfor.
Howbeit I can not steill.
Bot zit I will borrow and len,
As be my cleathing ze may ken;
That I am cum of nobill men,
And als I will debait,

That

That querrell with my feit and hands:
And I dwell amang the merchands,
My name gif onie man demands,
Thay call me Diſſait.
¶Bon-iour brother with all my hart,
Heir I am cum to tak zour part,
Baith into gude and euill:
I met Gude counſall be the way,
Quha pat me in ane felloun fray,
I gif him to the Deuill.
¶Falſet, How chaipit ze I pray zow tell?
Diſſait. I ſlipit into ane bordell:
And hid me in ane bawburds bed:
Bot ſuddenlie hir ſchankis I ſched:
With hoch hurland amang hir howis,
God wait gif wee maid monie mowis:
How came ze heir I pray zow tell me?
Falſet. Marie to ſeik King Humanitie.
Diſſait. Now be the gude Ladie that me bair,
That ſamin hors is my awin Mair:
Now with our purpois let vs mell,
Quhat is zour counſall I pray zow tell?
Sen we thrie ſeiks zon nobill King,
Let vs deuyſe ſum ſubtill thing:
And als I pray zow as my brother,
That we ilk ane be trew to vther.
I mak ane vow with all my hart,
In gude and euill to tak zour part,
I pray to God nor I be hangit,
Bot I ſall die or ze be wrangit,
Falſet. Quhat is thy counſall that wee do?

Marie ſirs this is my counſall lo,
Till tak our tyme quhill wee may get it,
For now thair is na man to let it:
Fra tyme the King begin to ſteir him,
Marie gude counſall I dreid cum neir him,
And be wee knawin with Correctioun.
It will be our confuſioun:
Thairfoir my deir brother deuyſe
To find ſum toy of the new gyſe.
Flat. Marie I ſall finde ane thouſand wyles,
Wee man turne our claithis & change our ſtiles:
And diſagyſe vs that na man ken vs,
Hes na man Clarkis cleathing to len vs:
And let vs keip graue countenance,
As wee war new cum out of France.
Diſſait. Now be my ſaull that is weill deuyſit,
Ze ſall ſe me ſone diſagyſit,
Falſet. And ſa ſall I man be the Rude,
Now ſum gude fallow len me ane hude.
Diſſait. Now am I buskit and quha can ſpy,
The Deuill ſtik me gif this be I:
If this be I or not, I can not weill ſay,
Or hes the Feind or Farie-folk borne me away,
Falſet. And gif my hair war vp in ane how,
The feind ane man wald ken me I trow:
Quhat ſayis thou of my gay garmoun:
Diſſait. I ſay thou luiks euin like ane loun:
Now brother Flatterie quhat do ze,
Quhat kynde of man ſchaip ze to be?
Flattrie. Now be my faith my brother deir,
I will gang counterfit the Frei
Diſſait. A Freir, quhairto ze can not preiche,

Flattrie.

Flattrie. Quhat rak bot I can richt weill fleich?
Perchance Ile cum that honour,
To be the Kings confessour.
Pure Freirs ar free at any feast,
And marchellit ay amang the best.
Als God hes lent to them sic graces,
That Bischops puts them in thair places:
Out-throw thair Dioceis to preiche,
Bot ferlie nocht howbeit thay fleich:
For schaw thay alk the veritie,
Thaill want the Bischops charitie.
And thocht the corne war never sa skant,
The gudewyfis will not let Freirs want:
For quhy thay ar thair confessours,
Thair heauinlie prudent counsalours.
Thairfoir the wyfis plainlie taks thair parts,
And shawis the secreits of thair harts,
To Freirs with better will I trow,
Nor thay do to thair bed-fallow.
Dissait, And I reft anis ane Freirs coull,
Betuix Sanct-Iohnestoun and Kinnoull:
I sall gang fetch it, gif ze will rarie.
Flattrie. Now play me that of companarie.
Ze saw him nocht this hundreth zeir,
That better can counterfeit the Freir.
Dissait. Heir is thy gaining all and sum,
This is ane koull of Tullilum.
Flattrie. Quha hes ane portouns for to len me?
The feind ane sault I trow will ken me.
Falset. Now gang thy way quhair euer thow will,
Thow may be fallow to freir Gill:
Bot with Correctioun gif wee be kend,

I dreid wee mak ane ſchamefull end,
Flattrie. For that mater I dreid nathing,
Freiris ar exemptit fra the King:
And Freiris will reddie entries get,
Quhen Lords ar haldin at the zet.
Falſet. Wee man do mair zit be Sanct Iames,
For wee mon all thrie change our names
Hayif me, and Ifall baptize thee:
Diſſait. Be God and thair-about may it be,
How will thou call me I pray the tell?
Falſet, I wait not how to call my ſell.
Diſſait. Bot zit anis name the bairns name,
Falſet. Diſcretioun, Diſcretioun in Gods name,
Diſſait. I neid nocht now to cair for thrift,
Bot quhat ſalbe my God bairne gift?
Falſet, I gif zow all the Deuilis of hell,
Diſſait. Na brother hauld that to thy ſel.
Now ſit doun let me baptize the
I wait not quhat thy name ſould be:
Falſet. Bot zit anis name the bairns name.
Diſſait. Sapience in ane warlds-ſchame.
Flatrie. Brother Diſſait cum baptize me,
Diſſait. Then ſit doun lawlie on thy kne.
Flatrie. Now brother name the bairns name,
Diſſait. Devotioun in the Deuillis name,
Flattrie. The deuill reſaue the lurdoun loun,
Thow hes wet all my new ſchawin croun.
Diſſait. Devotioun, Sapience and diſcretioun,
Wee thre may rewll this Regioun.
Wee ſall find monie craftie things,
For to begyll ane hundreth Kingis.
For thow can richt weil crak and clatter,

And

And I ſall feinze, and thow ſall flatter.
Flattrie, Bot I wald haue or wee depairtit,
Ane drink to mak vs better hartit.

Now the King ſall cum fra his chamber.

Diſſait. Weill ſaid be him that herryit hell,
I was euin thinkand that my ſell.
Now till wee get the Kings preſence,
Wee will ſit doun and keip ſilence:
I ſe ane zonder quhat ever be,
Ile wod my lyfe zon ſame is he.
Feir nocht brother, bot hauld zow ſtill,
Till wee haue hard quhat is his will.
Rex. Now quhair is Placebo and Solace?
Quhair is my minzeoun Wantonnes?
Wantonnes hoaw, cum to me ſone,
Wantonnes, Quhy cryit ze ſir till I had done?
Rex. Quhat was ze doand tell me that?
Wantonnes. Mary leirand how my father me gat.
I wait nocht how it ſtands but doubt.
Me think the warld rinnis round about.
Rex. And ſa think I man be my thrift
I ſe fyteine Mones in the lift.
Hamelin. Gat ze nocht that quhilk ze deſyrit?
Sir I beleif that ze ar tyrit.
Danger. Bot as ſor Placebo and Solace
I held them baith in mirrines,
¶ Solace. Now ſchaw me ſir I zow exhort?
How ar ze of zour luif content
Think ze not this ane mirrie ſport:
Rex. Zea that I do in verament.
Quhat bairnis ar zon vpon the bent,
I did nocht ſe them all this day.

Wantonnes. Thay will be heir incontinent,
Stand ſtill and heir quhat thay will ſay.
Now the vyce cums and maks ſalutatioun, ſaying.
¶ Diſſait. Laud honor, gloir, triumph & victory
Be to zour maiſt excellent Maieſtie.
Rex. Ze ar welcum gude freinds be the Rude,
Appeirandlie ze ſeime ſum men of gude,
Quhat ar zour names tell me without delay,
Diſſait. Diſcretioun Sir, is my name perfay.
Rex. Quhat is zour name ſir with the clipit croune.
Flattrie. But dout my name is callit Devotioun.
Rex. Welcum Devotioun be Sanct Iame:
Now ſirray tell quhat is zour name?
Falſet. Marie ſir thay call me, quhat call thay me?
Rex. Can ze nocht tell quhat is zour name?
Falſet. I kend it quhen I cam fra hame.
Rex. Quhat gars ze can nocht ſchawit now?
Falſet. Marie thay call me thin-drink I trow?
Rex. Thin-drink, quhat kynde of name is that?
Diſſait. Sapiens thou ſeruis to beir ane plat,
Me think thow ſchawis the not weill wittit,
Falſet. Sypeins, ſir ſypeins, marie nowze hit it.
Flattrie. Sir gif ze pleis to let him ſay,
His name is SAPIENTIA.
Falſet. That ſame is it be Sanct Michell:
Rex. Quhy could thou not tell it thy ſell?
Falſet. I pray zour grace appardoun me,
And I ſall ſchaw the veritie:
I am ſa full of Sapience,
That ſumtyme I will tak ane trance.
My ſpreit wes reft fra my bodie,
Now heich aboue the Trinitie.

Rex

Rex. Sapience ſuld be ane man of gude:
Falſet. Sir ze may ken that be my hude.
Rex. Now haue I Sapience and Diſcretioun,
How can I faill to rewll this Regioun?
And Devotioun to be my confeſſour,
Thir thrie came in ane happie hour.
Heir I mak the my ſecretar,
And thow ſalbe my theſaurar:
And thow ſalbe my counſallour,
In ſpirituall things and confeſſour
¶ Flattrie. I ſweir to zow ſir be ſanct An,
Ze met never with ane wyſer man,
For monie a craft ſir do I can,
VVar thay weill knawin:
Sir I haue na feill of flattrie,
Bot foſterit with Philſophie,
Ane ſtrange man in Aſtronomie,
Quhilk ſalbe ſchawin.
Falſet. And I haue greit intelligence
In quelling of the quinteſſence:
Bot to preif my experience,
Sir len me fourtie crownes:
To mak multiplicatioun,
And tak my obligatioun,
Gif wee mak fals narratioun,
Hauld vs forverie lownes.
¶ Diſſait. Sir I ken be zour Phyſnomie,
Ze ſall conqueiſ, or els I lie,
Danskin, Denmark, and Almane,
Spittelfeild and the Realme of Spane.
Ze ſall haue at zour governance.
Ranfrow and all the Realme of France.

Zea Rugland and the toun of Rome,
Caſtorphine and al chriſtindome.
Quhairto ſir be the Trinitie,
Ze ar ane verie Aperſie.
Flattrie. Sir quhen I dwelt in Italie,
I leirit the craft of Palmiſtrie,
Schaw me the lufe Sir, of zour hand,
And I ſall gar zow vnderſtand,
Gif zour grace be infortunat,
Or gif ze be predeſtinat.
I ſee ze will haue fyfteine Queenes,
And fyfteine ſcoir of Concubeines:
The Virgin Marie ſaife zour grace,
Saw ever man ſa quhyte ane face:
Sa greit ane arme, ſa fair ane hand,
Thairs nocht ſic ane leg in al this land.
War ze in armis I think na wonder,
Howbeit ze dang doun fyfteine hunder.
Diſſait. Now be my ſaull thats trew thow ſayis
Wes never man ſet ſa weill his clais:
Thair is na man in Chriſtintie,
Sa meit to be ane King as ze.
Fallet. Sir thank the haly Trinitie:
That ſend vs to zour cumpanie:
For God nor I gaip in ane gallows,
Gif ever ze fand thrie better fallows.
Rex. Ze ar richt welcum be the Rude,
Ze ſeime to be thrie men of gude.
Heir ſall Gude-counſell ſchaw himſelf in the feild
Bot quha is zon that ſtands ſa ſtill?
Ga ſpy and ſpeir quhat is his will.
And gif he zearnis my preſence,

Bring

Bring him to mee with Diligence.
[]Dissait. That sall wee do be Gods breid:
We's bring him eather quick or deid.
Rex. I will sit still heir and repois,
Speid zow agane to me my Iois,
¶Falset. Ze hardlie Sir, keip zow in clois
And quyet till wee cum againe:
Brother I trow be coks toes,
Zon bairdit bogill cums fra ane traine.
Dissait. Gif he dois sa he salbe slaine,
I doubt him nocht, nor zit ane vther:
Trowit I that he come for ane traine,
Of my freindis I sould rais ane futher.
¶Flattrie. I doubt full sair be God him sell,
That zon auld churle be Gude-counsell:
Get he anis to the Kings presence,
We thrie will get na audience.
Dissait. That matter I sall tak on hand,
And say it is the Kings command,
That he anone devoyd this place,
And cum nocht neir the Kings grace:
And that vnder the paine of tressoun:
Flattrie. Brother I hauld zour counsell ressoun.
Now let vs heir quhat he will say,
Auld lyart-beard, gude day, gude day.
Gude-counsall. Gude day againe sirs be the rude
The Lord mot mak zow men of gude.
Dissait. Pray nocht for vs to Lord nor Ladie,
For we ar men of gude alreadie.
Sir schaw to vs quhat is zour name?
Gude-counsall. Gude counsell thay call me at hame.
Falset. Quhat says thow carle, ar thow Gude-counsell?

Swyith pak the ſone vnhappie vnſell.
Gif ever thou cum this gait againe,
I vow to God thou ſall be ſlaine.
Gude-counſall, I pray zow firs, gif me licence,
To cum anis to the Kings preſence:
To ſpeik bot twa words to his grace,
Flattrie. Swyith hurſone carle, devoyd this place.
Gude-counſell. Brother I ken zow weill aneuch,
Howbeit ze mak it never ſa teuch:
Flattrie, Diſſait and Fals-report,
That will not ſuffer to reſort:
Gude-Counſall to the Kings preſence.
Diſſait. Suyith hurſum carle gang pak the hence,
Gif ever thou cum this gait againe,
I vow to God thou ſall be ſlaine.

Heir ſall thay hurle away Gude-Counſall.

Sen at this tyme I can get na preſence,
Is na remeid bot tak in patience.
Howbeit Gude-counſall haiſtelie be nocht hard
With zoung Princes zit ſould thay noch be skard.
Bot quhen zouthheid hes blawin his wanton blaſt,
Then ſall Gude-counſall rewll him at the laſt.

Now the Vycis gangs to ane counſall.

Flattrie. Now quhill Gude-Counſall is abſent,
Brother wee mon be diligent:
And mak betwix vs ſikker bands,
Quhen vacands fallis in onie Lands,
That everie man help weill his fallow,
Diſſait. I hald deir brother be Alhallow.
Sa ze fiſche nocht within our bounds,
Flattrie. That ſall I nocht be Gods wounds,
Bot I ſall plainlie tak zour partis,

Falſet.

Falſet. Sa ſall wee thyne with all our hartis.
Bot haiſt vs quhill the King is zoung,
Let everie man keip weill ane toung.
And in ilk quarter haue ane ſpy,
Vs till adverteis haiſtelly, &c.
Quhen ony caſualities,
Sall happin into our countries,
And let vs mak proviſioun,
Or he cum to diſcretioun:
Na mair he waits now nor ane ſant,
Quhat thing it is to haif or want,
Or he cum till his perfyte age,
We ſall be ſikker of our wage:
And then let everie carle craif vther.
Di. Yat mouth ſpeik mair my awin deir brother.
For God nor I rax in ane raip,
Thow may gif counſall to the Paip.

Now thay returne to the King.

¶Rex. Quhat gart zou bid ſa lang fra my preſẽce?
I think it lang ſince ze depairtit thence.
Quhat man was zon with an greit boſtous beird
Me thocht he maid zow all thrie very feard.
¶Diſſait. It was ane laidlie Iurdan loun,
Cumde to break buithis into this toun:
Wee haue gart bind him with ane poill,
And ſend him to the theiſis hoill:
Rex. Let him ſit thair with ane miſchance,
And let vs go to our paſtance.
Wantonnes. Better go reuell at the rackat,
Or ellis go to the hurlie hackat,
Or then to ſchaw our curtlie corſſes,
Gar ſe quha beſt can rin thair horſſes.

Solace. Na ſoveraine or wee farther gang
Gar Senſualitie ſing ane ſang.

Heir ſall the Ladies ſing ane ſang: the King ſall ly doun amang the Ladies and then Veritie ſall enter.

Veritie.

Diligite Iuſtitiam qui iudicatis terram.

¶ Luif Iuſtice ze quha hes ane Iudges cure,
In earth and dreid the awfull Iudgement,
Of him that ſall cum iudge baith rich and pure,
Rycht terribilly with bludy wounds rent.
That dreidfull day into zour harts imprent:
Beleuand weill, how and quhat maner ze
Vſe Iuſtice heir til vthers; thair at lenth
That day but doubt ſa ſall ze iudgit be.
Wo than and duill be to zow Princes all,
Sufferand the pure anes for till be oppreſt:
In everlaſting burnand fyre ze ſall
With Lucifer richt dulfullie be dreſt.
Thairfoir in tyme for till eſchaip that neſt,
Feir God, do law and Iuſtice equally,
Till everie manſe that na puir oppreſt
Vp to the hevin on zow ane vengence cry.
Be iuſt iudges without favour or fead,
And hauld the Ballance euin till everie wicht:
Let not the fault be left into the head,
Then ſall the members reulit be at richt.
For quhy ſubiects do follow day and nicht
Thair governours in vertew and in vyce.
Ze ar the lamps that ſould ſchaw them the licht
Lo leid them on this ſliddrie rone of yce.

Mobile mutatur ſemper cum principe vulgus.

And gif ze wald zour ſubiectis war weill geuin,
Then verteouſlie begin the dance zour ſell:

Going

Going befoir then they anone I wein,
Sall follow zow, eyther till heuin or hell:
Kings ſould of gude exempils be the well,
Bot gif that zour ſtrands be intoxicate,
In ſteid of wyne thay drink the poyſon fell:
Thus pepill follows ay thair principate.
Sic luceat lux veſtra coram hominibus, vt videant opera veſtra bona.
And ſpecially ze Princes of the Preiſts,
That of peopill hes ſpiritual cuir,
Dayly ze ſould revolue into zour breiſtis,
How that thir haly words ar ſtill maiſt ſure
In verteous lyfe gif that ze do indure
The pepill wil tak mair tent to zour deids
Then to zour words: and als baith rich and puir
Will follow zow baith in zour warks and words.
Heir ſal Flattrie ſpy Veritie with ane dum countenance.
Gif men of me wald haue intelligence,
Or knaw my name, thay call me VERITIE.
Of Chriſtis law I haue experience,
And hes over faillit many ſtormie ſey.
Now am I ſeikand King Humanitie,
For of his grace I haue gude eſperance,
Fra tyme that he acquaintit be with mee,
His honour and heich gloir I ſall avance.
Heir ſall Veritie pas to hir ſait.
Diſſait. Gude day father, quhair haue ze bene?
Declair till vs of zour nouels.
Flattrie. Thair is now lichtit on the grene,
Dame Veritie, be Buiks and bels.
Bot cum ſcho to the Kings preſence
Thair is na buit for vs to byde.

Thairfoir I red vs all go hence,
Falser. That will we nocht zit be Sanct Bryde
Bot wee sall ather gang or ryde,
To Lords of Spritualitie,
And gar them trow zon bag of pryde,
Hes spokin manifest heresie.

Heir thay cum to the Spritualitie.

Flattrie. O reverent fatheris of the Spritual stait,
Wee counsall zow be wyse and vigilant:
Dame Veritie hes lychtit now of lait,
And in hir hand beirand the Newtestament.
Be scho ressauit but doubt wee ar bot schent,
Let hir nocht ludge thairfoir into this Land,
And this wee reid zow, do incontinent,
Now quhill the King is with his luif sleipand.

Spritualitie.

Wee thank zow freinds of zour benevolence,
It sall be done evin as ze haue devyse:
Wee think ze serue ane gudlie recompence,
Defendand vs that wee be nocht suppryse.
In this mater wee man be weill aduyse,
Now quhill the King misknawis the veritie,
Be scho ressauit then wee will be depryse,
Quhat is zour counsell brother now let se?

Abbot.

I hauld it best that wee incontinent,
Gar hauld hir fast into Captivitie:
Vnto the thrid day of the Parlament
And then accuse hir of hir herisie:
Or than banische hir out of this cuntrie,
For with the King, gif Veritie be knawin:
Of our greit gloir wee will degradit be

And

And all our ſecreits to the commouns ſchawin.

Perſone.

Ze ſe the King is zit effeminate,
And gydit be Dame Senſualitie,
Rycht ſa with zoung counſall intoxicate,
Swa at this tyme ze haif zour libertie.
To tak zour tyme I hauld it beſt for me,
And go diſtroy all thir Lutherians:
In ſpeciall zon ladie Veritie,
Spirituali. Schir Perſone ze ſall be my commiſſair,
To put this mater till executioun,
And ze ſir Freir, becaus ze can declair
The haill proceſſe, pas with him in commiſſioun,
Pas all togidder with my braid benniſoun,
And gif ſcho ſpeiks againſt our libertie,
Then put hir in perpetuall preſoun,
That ſcho cum nocht to King Humanitie,

Heir ſall thay pas to Verity.

Perſone. Luſtie Ladie we wald faine vnderſtand,
Quhat earand ze haif in this Regioun?
To preich or teich, quha gaif to zow command,
To counſall King is, how gat ze commiſſioun?
I dreid, without ze get ane remiſſioun,
And ſyne renunce zour new opiniones
The ſprituall ſtait ſall put zow to perditioun
And in the fyre will burne zow fleſche and bones.
Veritie. I will recant nathing that I haue ſchawin,
I haue ſaid nathing bot the veritie:
Bot with the King fra tyme that I be knawin
I dreid ze ſpaiks of Spritualitie
Sall rew that ever I came in this cuntrie

For gif the Veritie plainlie war proclamit,
And speciallie to the Kings Maiestie,
For zour traditions ze wilbe all defamit.
Flattrie. Quhat buik is that harlot into thy hand,
Out wall away, this is the New Test'm ent,
In Englisch toung, and printit in England,
Herisie, herisie, fire, fire incontinent.
Verity. For suith my freind ze haue ane wrãg iudge-
For in this Buik thair is na heresie: (ment,
Bot our Christs word, baith dulce and redolent,
Ane springing well of sinceir veritie.
Diſſait. Cum on zour way for all zour zealow locks
Zour vantoun words, but doubt ze sall repent:
This nicht ze sall forfair ane pair of stocks,
And syne the morne be brocht to thoill Iudgment.
Veritie. For our christs saik I am richt weill content
To suffer all thing that sall pleis his grace,
Howbeit ze put ane thousand to torment,
Ten hundreth thowsand sall rise into thair place.

Veritie sits doun on hir knies and sayis.

Get vp, thow, thow sleipis all too lang, O Lord,
And mak sum ressonabill reformatioun
On them that dois tramp doun thy gracious word,
And hes ane deidlie indignatioun
At them quha maks maist trew narratioun:
Suffer me not Lord, mair to be molest,
Gude Lord, I mak the supplicatioun
With thy vnfreinds let me nocht be suppreſt:
¶Now Lords do as ze list,
I haue na mair to say.
Flattrie. Sit doun and tak zow rest,
All nicht till it be day.

Thay

Thay put Veritie in the ſtocks and returne to Spritualite.

Diſſait. My Lord wee haue with diligence
Bucklit vp weill zon bledrand baird:
Spritualitie, I think ze ſerue gude recompence,
Tak thir ten crowns for zour rewaird.
¶Verity. The Propheſie of the Propheit Eſay
Is practickit alace, on mee this day:
Quha ſaid the veritie ſould be trampit doun
Amid the ſtreit, and put in ſtrang preſoun.
His fyue and fyftie chapter quha liſt luik,
Sall find thir words writtin in his Buik.
Richt ſa Sanct Paull wrytis to Timothie,
That men ſall turne thair eiris from veritie.
Bot in my Lord God I haue eſperance,
He will provide for my deliverance.
Bot ze Princes of Spiritualitie,
Quha ſould defend the ſinceir veritie,
I dreid the plagues of Iohnes Reuelatioun
Sall fal vpon zour generatioun.
I counſall zow this miſſe t'amend,
Sa that ze may eſchaip that fatall end.

Chaſtitie.

How lang ſall this inconſtant warld indure,
That I ſould baneiſt be ſa lang alace:
Few creatures or nane takis on me cure,
Quhilk gars me, monie nicht ly harbrieles.
Thocht I haue paſt all zeir fra place to place,
Amang the Temporal and Spirituall ſtaits:
Nor amang Princes I can get na grace,
Bot bouſtuouſlie am halden at the zetis.
Diligence. Ladie I pray zow ſchaw me zour name,
It dois me noy, zour lamentatioun,

Chaſ. My freind thairof I neid not to think ſhame,
Dame Chaſtitie baneiſt from town to town.
Diligence. Then pas to ladies of Religioun,
Quhilk maks thair vow to obſerue Chaſtitie:
Lo quhair thair ſits ane Priores of renown,
Amangs the reſt of Spritualitie.
Chaſtitie. I grant zon Ladie hes vowit Chaſtitie,
For hir profeſſioun thairto ſould accord:
Scho maid that vow for ane Abeſie,
Bot nocht for Chriſt Ieſus our Lord.
Fra tyme that thay get thair vows, I ſtand for'd,
Thay baniſche hir out of thair cumpanie,
With Chaſtitie thay can mak na concord
Bot leids thair lyfis in Senſualitie,
I ſall obſerue zour counſall gif I may,
Cum on and heir quhat zon Ladie will ſay?

Chaſtitie paſſis to the Ladie Priores and ſayis,

My prudent luſtie Ladie Priores,
Remember how ze did vow Chaſtitie:
Madame I pray zow of zour gentilnes,
That ze wald pleis to haif of me pitie:
And this ane nicht to gif me harberie,
For this I mak zow ſupplicatioun
Do ze nocht ſa Madame I dreid perdie,
It will be caus of depravatioun.

Priores.

Pas hynd Madame, be Chriſt ze cum nocht heir,
Ze ar contrair to my cumplexioun:
Gang ſeik ludging at ſum auld Monk or Freir,
Perchance thay will be zour protectioun.
Or to Prelats mak zour progreſſioun,
Quhilks ar obleiſt to zow als weill as I:

Dame

Dame Senſuall hes geuin direction
Zow till exclude out of my company.
Chaſtitie. Gif ze wald wit mair of the veritie,
I ſall ſchaw zow be ſure experience,
How that the Lords of Spritualitv,
Hes baneiſt me, alace, fra thair preſence.
Chaſtitie paſſes to the Lords of Spritualitie,
My Lords, laud, gloir, triumph and reverence,
Mot be vnto zour halie Spritvall ſtait:
I zow beſeik of zour benevolence,
To harbry mee that am ſa deſolait.*
* Lords I haue paſt throw mony vncouth ſchyre,
Bot in this Land I can get na ludgeing
Of my name gif ze wald haif knawledging,
Forſuith my Lords thay call me Chaſtitie,
I zow beſeik of zour graces bening,
Gif me ludging this nicht for charitie.
¶Spritualitie. Pas on Madame we knaw zow nocht
Or be him that the warld wrocht,
Zour cumming ſall be richt deir coſt
Gif ze mak langer tarie.
Abbot. But doubt wee will baith leif and die
With our luif Senſualitie,
Wee will haif na mair deall with the,
Then with the Queene of Farie.
Perſone. Pas hame amang the Nunnis and dwell,
Quhilks ar of Chaſtitie the well:
I traiſt thay will with Buik and bell,
Reſſaue zow in thair Cloſter.
Chaſtitie. Sir, quhen I was the Nunnis amang,
Out of thair dortour thay mee dang,
And wald nocht let me bide ſa lang,

To ſay my Pater noſter,
Iſe na grace thairfoir to get,
I hauld it beſt or it be lait,
For till go proue the Temporall ſtait
Gif thay will mee reſaif:
Gud-day my Lord Temporalitie,
And zow merchant of gravitie:
Ful faine wald I haue hairberie,
To ludge amang the lait.
Temporal Forſuith wee wald be weil content,
To harbrie zow with gude intent,
War nocht we haif impediment:
For quhy we twa ar maryit:
Bot wiſt our wyfis that ze war heir,
Thay wald mak all this town on ſteir:
Thairfoir we reid zow rin areir,
In dreid ze be miſcaryit.
Chaſtitie. Ze men of craft of greit ingyne,
Gif me harbrie for Chriſtis pyne:
And win Gods benneſone and myne,
And help my hungrie hart:
Sowtar.
Welcum be him that maid the Mone,
Till dwell with vs till it be Iune:
We ſall mend baith zour hois and ſchone,
And plainlie tak zour part.
Taylour.
Is this fair Ladie Chaſtitie?
Now welcum be the Trinitie:
I think it war ane great pitie
That thou ſould ly thairout:
Zour great diſpleaſour I forthink,

Sit

Sit doun Madame and tak ane drink:
And let na ſorrow in zow ſink,
Bot let vs play cap'out.

¶ Sowtar. Fill in and play cap'out,
For I am wonder dry:
[] The Deuill ſnyp aff thair ſnout,
That haits this company.

Iennie, ſo called daughter.
Hoaw mynnie, mynnie, mynnie,

Taylours wyfe.

¶ Quhat wald thow my deir dochter Iennie?
Iennie my Ioy, quhair is thy dadie?
Ienny. Mary drinkand with ane luſtie Ladie,
Ane fair zoung mayden cled in quhyte,
Of quhom my dadie taks delyte,
Scho hes the the faireſt forme of face,
Furniſchit with all kynd of grace:
I traiſt gif I can reckon richt,
Scho ſchaips to ludge with him all nicht.
Sowt. wyfe. Quhat dois the Sowtar my gudman?
Iennie. Mary fill is the cap and turnes the can,
Or he cum hame be God I trow
He will be drunkin lyke ane ſow.
Taylours wyfe. This is ane greit diſpyte I think,
For to reſaue ſic ane kow-clink:
Quhat is zour counſell that wee do?
Sowtars wyfe. Cummer this is my counſall lo:
Ding ze the tane, and I the vther,
Taylours wyfe. I am content be Gods mother,
I think for mee thay huirſone ſmaiks,
Thay ſerue richt weill to get thair paiks.

Quhat maister seind neids all this haist?
For it is half ane zeir almaist
[] Sen ever that loun laborde my ledder,
Sowters wyfe. God nor my trewker mence ane ledder,
For it is mair nor fourtie dayis,
[] Sen ever he cleikit vp my clayis:
And last quhen I gat chalmer glew,
That foull Sowter began till spew,
And now thay will sit doun and drink,
In company with ane kow-clink.
Gif thay haif done vs this dispyte
Let vs go ding them till thay dryte.

Heir the wifis sall chase away Chastitie.

Tayl. wyfe. Go hence harlot, how durst thow be sa bauld
To ludge with our gudemen but our licence:
I mak ane vow to him that Iudas sauld,
This rock of myne sall be thy recompence.
Schaw me thy name dudron with diligence:
Chastitie. Marie Chastitie is my name be Sanct Blais,
Taylour wyfe, I pray God nor he work on the vengence,
For I luifit never Chastitie all my dayes.
Sowt. wyfe. Bot my gudeman the treuth I sall the tell,
Gars mee keip Chastitie fair agains my will:
Becaus that Moustour hes maid sic ane mint
With my bedstaf that dastard beirs ane dint.
And als I vow cum thow this gait againe,
Thy buttoks salbe beltit be Sanct Blaine.

Heir sall thay speik to thair gudemen and ding them.

Tayl. wyfe. Fals hurson carle, but dout thou sall forthink,
That evar thow eat or drink with zon kow-clink.
Sowtars wyfe. I mak ane vow to Sanct Crispine,
Ise be revengit on that graceles grume:

And

And to begin the play tak thair ane flap.
Sowtar. The feind resaue the hands that gaif mee that.
Sowt. wyfe, Quhat now huirsun, begins thow for til ban?
Tak thair ane vther vpon thy peild harne pan.
Quhat now cummer, will thow nocht tak my part?
Taylours wyfe. That sal I do cummer with all my hart.
Heir sall thay ding thair gudemen, with silence.
Taylour. Alace gossop, alace how stands with zow?
Zon cankart carling alace hes brokin my brow.
Now weils zow Preists, now weils zow all zour lifes:
That ar nocht weddit with sic wickit wyfes.
Sowtar. Bischops ar blist howbeit that thay be waryit,
[]For thay may suck thairfill and be vnmaryit.
Gossop alace, that blak band we may wary,
That ordanit sic puir men as vs to mary.
Quhat may be done bot tak in patience?
And on all wyfis we'ill cry ane loud vengence.
Heir sall the wyfis stand be the walter syde and say:
Sowtars wyfe. Sen of our cairls we haue the victorie,
Quhat is zour counsell cummer that be done:
Tayl. wyfe. Send for gude wine & hald our selfis merie,
I hauld this ay best cummer be Sanct Clone.
Sowt. wyfe. Cũmer will ze draw aff my hois & schone,
To fill the Quart I sall rin to the toun,
Taylours wyfe. That sal I do be him that maid the Mone
Withall my hart, thairfoir cummer sit doun.
Kilt vp zour claithis abone zour waist,
And speid zow hame againe in haist
And I sall provyde for ane paist,
Our corsses to comfort.
Sowtars wyfe, Then help me for to kilt my clais,
Quhat gif the padoks nip my tais.

I dreid to droun heir be Sanct Blais,
Without I get ſupport.
Sho lifts vp hir clais aboue hir waiſt & enters in ye watet
¶ Cummer I will nocht droun my ſell,
Go eaſt about the nether mill:
Taylours wyfe. I am content be Bryds bell,
To gang with zow quhair ever ze will.
Heir ſall thay depairt and pas to the Palzeoun.

Diligence to Chaſtitie.

¶ Madame quhat gars zow gang ſa lait?
Tell me how ze haue done debait,
With the Temporall and Spirituall ſtait?
Quha did zow maiſt kyndnes?
Chaſtitie. In faith I fand bot ill and war,
Thay gart mee ſtand fra thame askar:
Evin lyk ane begger at the bar,
And fleimit mair and leſſe.
Diligence. I counſall zow but tarying,
Gang tell Humanitie the King:
Perchance hee of his grace bening
Will mak to zow ſupport:
Chaſtitie. Of zour counſell I am content,
To pas to him in continent,
And my ſervice till him preſent,
In hope of ſum comfort.
Heir ſall thay pas to the King.

¶ Dil. Hoaw Solace, gentil Solace declair vnto the king
How thair is heir ane Ladie fair of face:
That in this cuntrie can get na ludging,
Bot pitifullie ſlemit from place to place.
Without the king of his ſpeciall grace,

As ane

As ane ſervand hir in his court reſaif:
Brother Solace tell the king all the cace,
That ſcho may be reſavit amang the laif.
Solace. Soverane get vp and ſe ane hevinlie ſicht
Ane fair Ladie in quhyt abuilzement:
Scho may be peir vnto ane king or knicht,
Moſt lyk ane Angell be my iudgment.
Rex. I ſall gang ſe that ſicht incontinent,
Madame behauld gif ze haue knawledging
Of zon Ladie, or quhat is hir intent,
Thairefter wee ſall turne but tarying.
Senſua. Sir let me ſe quhat zon mater may meine
Perchance that I may knaw hir be hir face:
But doubt this is Dame Chaſtitie I weine,
Sir I and ſcho cannot byde in ane place,
But gif it be the pleaſour of zour grace,
That I remaine into zour company:
This woman richt haiſtelie gar chaſe,
That ſcho na mair be ſene in this cuntry.
Rex. As ever ze pleis ſweit hart ſa ſall it be,
Diſpone hir as ze think expedient:
Evin as ze liſt to let hir liue or die,
I will refer that thing to zour Iudgement.
Senſualitie. I will that ſcho be flemit incõtinent,
And never to cum againe in this cuntrie:
And gif ſcho dois but doubt ſcho ſall repent,
As als perchance a duilfull deid ſall die.
Pas on ſir Sapience and Diſcretioun,
And baniſche hir out of the kings preſence.
Dif. That ſall we do Madame be gods paſſioun,
Wee ſall do zour command with diligence.
And at zour hand ſerue gudely recompence,

Dame Chaſtitie cum on, be not agaſt,
Wee ſall rycht ſone vpon zour awin expence,
Into the ſtocks zour bony fute mak faſt,
Heir ſall thay haill Chaſtitie to the ſtoks and ſcho ſall ſay.
¶ I pray zow ſirs be patient,
For I ſall be obedient
Till do quhat ze command,
Sen I ſe thair is na remeid,
Howbeit it war to ſuffer deid,
Or flemit furth of the land.
¶ I wyte the Empreour Conſtantine,
That I am put to ſic ruine,
And baneiſt from the Kirk:
For ſen he maid the Paip ane King,
In Rome I could get na ludging;
Bot heidlangs in the mirk,
Bot Ladie Senſualitie,
Senſyne hes gydit this cuntrie,
And monie of the reſt:
And now ſcho reulis all this land,
And hes decryit at hir command,
That I ſuld be ſuppreſt.
¶ Bot all comes for the beſt,
'Tis him that louis the Lord:
Thocht I be now moleſt,
I traiſt to be reſtorde,
Heir ſall they put hir in the ſtocks.
¶ Siſter alace, this is ane cairful cace,
That we with Princes ſould be ſa abhorde:
Verity, Be blyth ſiſter, I truſt within ſchort ſpace,
That we ſall be richt honorablie reſtorde:
And with the King we ſall be at concorde,

For

For I heir tell divyne Correctioun
Is new landit thankit be Christ our Lord,
I wait hee will be our protectioun.
Hir sall enter Corrections Varlet.

Varlet.

¶ Sirs stand abak and hauld zow coy,
I am the King Correctiouns boy,
Cum heir to dres his place:
Se that ze mak obedience
Vntill his nobill excellence,
Fra tyme ze se his face.
For he maks reformatiouns,
Out-throw all Christin Nationns,
Quhair he finds great debaits.
And sa far as I vnderstand;
He sall reforme into this Land,
Evin all the thrie estaits.
God furth of heavin hes him send,
To punische all that dois offend
Against his Maiestie
As lyks him best to tak vengence,
Sumtyme with Sword and Pestilence
With derth and povertie.
Bot quhen the peopill dois repent,
And beis to God obedient,
Then will he gif them grace:
Bot thay that will nocht be correctit,
Rycht sudanlie will be deiectit,
And fleimit from his face.
Sirs thocht wee speik in generall,
Let na man into speciall
Tak our words at the warst:

Quhat evet wee do quhat ever wee ſay
I pray zow tak it all in play,
And iudg ay to the beſt.
¶ For ſilence I proteſt
Baith of Lord, Laird and Ladie
Now I will rin but reſt,
And tell that all is ready.
¶ Diſſait. Brother heir ze zon proclamatioun,
I dreid full ſair of reformatioun,
Zon meſſage maks me mangit:
Quhat is zour counſell to me tell,
Remaine wee heir be God him ſell
Wee will be all thre hangit.
Flattrie. Ile gang to Spiritualitie,
And preich out-throw his dyoſie,
Quhair I will be vnknawin.
Or keip me cloſſe into ſum cloſter,
With mony piteous Pater noſter,
Till all thir blaſts be blawin.
Diſſait. Ile be weill treitit as ze ken,
With my maiſters the merchand men,
Quhilk can mak ſmall debait:
Ze ken richt few of them that thryſes,
Or can begyll the landwart wyſes,
But me thairman Diſſait.
Now Falſet quhat ſall be thy ſchift?
Falſet. Na cuir thow nocht man for my thrift
Trows thou that I be daft:
Na I will leif ane luſtie lyfe,
Without in ony ſturt and ſtryfe
Amang the men of craft.
Flattrie. I na mair will remaine beſyd zow,

Bot counſell zow rycht weill to gyde zow:
Byd nocht on Correctioun.
Fair-weil, I will na langer tarie,
I pray the ahrich Queene of Farie,
To be zour protectioun.
Diſſait. Falſet I wald wee maid ane band,
Now quhill the King is zit ſleipand,
Quhat rack to ſteill his Box?
Falſet. Now weill ſaid be the Sacrament,
I ſall it ſteill incontinent
Thocht it had twentie lox,
Heir ſall Falſet ſteill the Kings Box with ſilence.
Lo heir the Box now let vs ga,
This may ſuffice for our rewairds:
Diſſait. Zea that it may man be this day,
It may weill mak of landwart lairds.
Now let vs caſt away our clais,
In dreid ſum follow on the chaſe:
Falſet. Rycht weill deuyſit man be Sanct Blais,
Wald God wee war out of this place.
¶Diſſait. Now ſen thair is na man to wrang vs
I pray zow brother with my hart,
Let vs ga part this pelf amang vs,
Syne haiſtely we ſall depart.
Falſet. Trows thou to get als mekill as I?
That ſall thow nocht, I ſtaw the Box:
Thou did nathing bot luikit by,
Ay lurkeand lyke ane wylie Fox.
Diſſait. Thy heid ſall beir ane cuppill of knox
Pellour without I get my part:
Swyith huirſun ſmaik ryſe vp the lox,
Or I ſall ſtick the throuch the hart.
Heir ſall thay fecht with ſilence.

Falset. Alace for ever my eye is out,
Walloway will na man red the men?
Dissait. Vpon thy craig tak thair ane clout,
To be courteſſe I ſall the ken.
Fair-weill, for I am at the flicht,
I will nocht byde on ma demands,
And wee twa m eit againe this nicht,
Thy feit ſalbe with fourtie hands.

Heir ſal Diſſait rin away with the Box throuch the water.

Divyne Correctioun.

Beati qui eſurient & ſitiunt Iuſtitiam.

¶ Thir ar the words of the redoutit Roy,
The Prince of peace aboue all Kings King:
Quhilk hes me ſent all cuntries to convoye,
And all miſdoars dourlie to doun thring.
I will do nocht without the conveining
Ane Parleament of the eſtaits all,
In thair preſence I ſall but feinzeing
Iniquitie vnder my Sword doun thrall,
Thair may no Prince do acts honorabill,
Bot gif his counſall thairto will aſſiſt:
How may he knaw the thing maiſt profitabil,
To follow vertew and vycis to reſiſt:
Without he be inſtructit and ſoliſt:
And quhen the King ſtands at his counſell ſound,
Then welth ſall wax and plentie as he liſt,
And policie ſall in his Realme abound.
Gif ony liſt my name for till inquyre,
I am callit Divine CORRECTIOVN:
I fled throch mony vncouth land & ſchyre,
To the greit profit of ilk Natioun.
Now am I cum into this Regioun,

To

To teill the ground that hes bene lang vnſawin
To puniſche tyrants for thair tranſgreſſioun,
And to caus leill men liue vpon thair awin.
Na Realme nor Land but my ſupport may ſtand
For I gar Kings liue into Royaltie:
To rich and puir I beir ane equall band,
That thay may liue into thair awin degrie.
Quhair I am nocht is no tranqullitie
Be me tratours and tyrants ar put doun:
Quha thinks na ſchame of thair iniquitie
Till thay be puniſched be mee Correctioun.
Quhat is ane King nocht bot ane officiar,
To caus his Leiges liue in equitie:
And vnder God to be ane puniſcher,
Of treſpaſſours againſt his Maieſtie.
Bot quhen the King dois liue in tyrannie,
Breakand Iuſtice for feare or affectioun:
Then is his Realme in weir and povertie,
With ſchamefull ſlauchter but correctioun.
I am ane Iudge richt potent and ſeveir,
Cum to do Iuſtice monie thowſand myle:
I am ſa conſtant baith in peice and weir,
Na bud nor fauour may my ſicht overſyle,
Thair is thairfoir richt monie in this Ile,
Of my repair but doubt that dois repent:
Bot verteous men I traiſt ſall on me ſmyle,
And of my cumming ſall be richt weill content.
Gu. coſu. Welcum my Lord welcum ten thouſand tyms
Till all faithfull men of this Regioun,
Welcum for till correct all falts and cryms:
Amang this cankerd congregatioun.
Louſe Chaſtitie I mak ſupplicatioun,

Put till fredome fair Ladie Veritie:
Quha be vnfaithfull folk of this Natioun,
Lyis bund full fast into Captivitie.
Correctioun. I mervel Gude-counsell how that may be,
Ar ze nocht with the King familiar?
Gude-counsell. That I am nocht my Lord, full wais me,
Bot lyke ane begger am halden at the bar:
Thay play bo-keik evin as I war ane skar:
Thair came thrie knaues in cleithing counterfeit
And fra the King thay gart me stand affar,
Quhais names war Flattrie, Falset and Dissait.
Bot quhen thay knaues hard tell of zour cumming,
Thay staw away ilk ane ane sindrie gait.
And cuist fra them thair counterfit cleithing,
For thair leuing, full weill thay can debait:
The merchandmen thay haif resauit Dissait,
As for Falset, my Lord, full weill I ken,
He will be richt weill treitit air and lait,
Amang the maist part of the crafts men.
Flattrie hes taine the habite of ane Freir
Thinkand to begyll Spiritualitie.
Correctioun. But dout my freind and I liue half ane zeir
I sall search out that great iniquitie.
Quhair lyis zon Ladyes in Captiuitie?
How now Sisters quha hes zow sa disgysit?
Veritie. Vnfaithfull members of iniquitie,
Dispytfullie, my Lord, hes vs suppryst.
Correctioun. Gang put zon Ladyis to thair libertie
Incontinent and break doun all the stocks:
But doubt thay ar full deir welcum to mee,
Mak diligence, me think ze do bot mocks
Speidhand and spair nocht for to break the locks.

And tenderlie tak them vp be the hand
Had I them heir thay knaues suld ken my knocks
That them oppreſt and baneiſt aff the land.
Thay tak the Ladyis furth of the ſtocks, and Veritie ſall ſay.
Veritie. Wee thank zou ſir of zour benignitie,
Bot I beſeik zour maieſtie Royall:
That ze wald pas to King Humanitie.
And fleime from him zon Ladie Senſuall,
And enter in his ſervice Gude-counſell,
For ze will find him verie counſalabill.
Correctioun. Cum on Siſters as ze haif ſaid, I ſall,
And gar him ſtand with zow thrie firme and ſtabill.
Correctioun paſſis towards the King with Veritie Chaſtitie and Gude-counſell.
¶ Wantonnes. Solace knawis thou not quhat I ſe,
Ane knicht or ellis ane king thinks me,
With wantoun wings as he wald fle,
Brother quhat may this meine?
I vnderſtand nocht be this day,
Quhidder that he be freind or fay:
Stand ſtill and heare quhat he will ſay,
Sic ane I haif nocht ſeine.
Solace. Zon is ane ſtranger I ſtand forde,
He ſemes to be ane luſtie Lord:
Be his heir-cumming for concorde,
And be kinde till our King:
He ſall be welcome to this place,
And treatit with the Kingis grace:
Be it nocht ſa, we ſall him chace,
And to the diuell him ding.
Placebo, I reid vs put vpon the King,
And walkin him of his ſleiping:
Sir, riſe and ſe ane vncouth thing.

Get vp, ze ly too lang.
Sensualitie. Put on zour hude Iohne-Fule, ze raif,
How dar ze be so pert sir knaif
To tuich the King sa Christ me saif,
Fals huirsone thow sall hang.
Correction. Get vp sir King, ze haif sleipit aneuch
Into the armis of Ladie Sensual.
Be suir that mair belangis to the pleuch,
As efterward perchance rehears I sall.
Remember how the King Sardanapall,
Amang fair Ladyes tuke his lust sa lang,
Sa that the maist pairt of his Leiges al
Rebeld, and lyne him duilfully doun thrang.
Remember how into the tyme of Noy,
For the foull stinck and sin of lechery,
God be my wande did al the warld destroy,
Sodome and Gomore richt sa full rigorously,
For that vyld sin war brunt in maist cruelly,
Thairfoir I the command incontinent,
Banische from the that huir Sensualitie,
Or els but doubt rudlie thow sall repent.
Rex. Be quhom haue ze sa greit authoritie?
Quha dois presume for til correct ane King?
Knaw ze nocht me greit King Humanitie?
That in my Regioun Royally dois ring.
Correct. I haue power greit Princes to dou thring,
That liues contrair the Maiestie Divyne
Against the treuth quhilk plainlie dois maling,
Repent they nocht I put them to ruyne.
I will begin at thee quhilk is the head,
And mak on the first reformatioun,
Thy Leiges than will follow the but pleid,

Swyith

Swyith harlot hence without dilatioun,
Sensualitie. My Lord I mak zow supplicatioun,
Gif me licence to pas againe to Rome:
Amang the Princes of that Natioun,
I lat zow wit my freſche beautie will blume
Adew Sir King I may na langer tary,
I cair nocht that, als gude luife cums as gais,
I recommend zow to the Queene of Farie.
Iſe ze will be gydit with my fais,
As for this king I cure him nocht twa ſtrais:
War I amang Biſchops and Cardinals,
I wald get gould, ſilver and precious clais,
Na earthlie ioy but my preſence avails.
Heir ſall ſcho pas to Spiritualitie.

¶My Lords of the Spriuall ſtait,
Venus preſerue zow air and lait:
For I can mak na mair debait,
I am partit with zour king:
And am baneiſcht this Regioun,
Be counſell of Correctioun:
Be ze nocht my protectioun,
I may ſeik my ludgeing.

¶Spiritualitie. Welcum our dayis darling,
Welcum with all our hart:
Wee all but feinzeing,
Sall plainly tak zour part.
Heir ſal the Biſhops, Abbots and Perſons kis the Ladie.
Correctioun. Sen ze ar quyte of Senſualitie,
Reſaue into zour ſervice Gude-counſall:
And richt ſa this fair Ladie Chaſtitie,
Till ze mary ſum Queene of blude-royall.
Obſerve then Chaſtitie matrimoniall,

Richt ſa reſaue Veritie be the hand,
Vſe thair counſell zour fame ſall neves fall,
With thame thairfoir mak ane perpetuall band.

Heir ſall the King reſaue counſell Veritie & Chaſtitie.

¶ Now ſit tak tent quhat I will ſay,
Obſerve thir ſame baith nicht and day,
And let them never part zow fray.
Or els withoutin doubt:
Turne ze to Senſualitie,
To vicious lyfe and rebaldrie,
Out of zour Realme richt ſchamefullie,
Ze ſall be tuttit out.
As was Tarquine the Romane King,
Quha was for his vicious living
And for the ſchamefull raviſching
Of the fair chaiſt Lucres,
He was digraidit of his croun,
And baneiſt aff his Regioun:
I maid on him, correctioun,
As ſtories dois expres.

¶ Rex. I am content to zour counſall t'inclyne
Ze beand of gude conditioun.
At zour command ſall be all that is myne,
And heir I gif zow full commiſſioun,
To puniſche faults and gif remiſſioun,
To all vertew I ſal be conſociabill,
With zow I ſall confirme ane vnioun,
And at zour counſall ſtand ay firme and ſtabill.

The king imbraces Correction with a humbil countenance.

¶ Correctioun. I counſall zow incontinent,
To gar proclame ane Parliament,
Of all the thrie eſtaits.

That thay be heir with diligence,
To mak to zow obedience,
And syne dres all debaits.
Rex. That sall be done but mair demand,
Hoaw Diligence cum heir fra hand,
And tak zour informatioun.
Gang warne the Spiritualitie,
Rycht sa the Temporalitie,
Be oppin proclamatioun,
In gudlie haist for to compeir
In thair maist honorabill maneir,
To gif vs thair counsall:
Quha that beis absent to them schaw,
That thay sall vnderly the law,
And punischt be that fails.
Diligence. Sir I sall baith in bruch and land,
With diligence do zour command,
Vpon my awin expens.
Sir I haue servit zow all this zeir,
Bot I gat never ane dinneir
Zit for my recompence.
Rex. Pas on and thou salbe regairdit,
And for thy service weill rewairdit,
For quhy with my consent,
Thou sall haue zerrily for thy hyre,
The teind mussellis of the ferrie myre,
Confirmit in Parliament.
Diligence. I will get riches throw that rent,
Efter the day of Dume:
Quhen in the colpots of Tranent,
Butter will grow on brume.
All nicht I had sa meikill drouth,

I micht nocht sleip ane wink
Or I proclame ocht with my mouth,
But doubt I man haif drink.
¶ Correctioun. Cum heir Placebo and Solace,
With zour companzeoun Wantonnes,
I knaw weill zour conditioun:
For tysting King Humanitie,
To resaue Sensualitie,
Ze man suffer punitioun.
Wanton. We grant my lord we haue done ill,
I hairfoir wee put vs in zour will,
Bot wee haise bene abusit:
For in gudefaith Sir wee beleisit,
That lecherie had na man greisit,
Becaus it is sa vsit.
Placebo. Ze se how Sensualitie,
With Principals of ilk cuntrie,
Bene glaidlie lettin in:
And with our Prelatis mair and les,
Speir at my Ladie Priores,
Gif lechery be sin.
Solace. Sir wee sall mend our conditioun,
Sa ze giue vs remissioun,
Bot giue vs liue to sing:
To dance, to play at Chesse and Tabils,
To reid Stories and mirrie fabils,
For pleasure of our King.
Correctioun. Sa that ze do na vther cryme,
Ze sall be pardonit at this tyme,
For quhy? as I suppois
Princes may sumtyme seik solace,
With mirth and lawfull mirrines,

Thair

Thair ſpirits to reioyis.
And richt ſa Halking and Hunting,
Ar honeſtpaſtimes for ane King,
Into the tyme of peace:
And leirne to rin ane heavie ſpear,
That he into the tyme of wear,
May follow at the cheace.
Rex. Quhair is Sapience and Diſcretioun?
And quhy cums nocht Devotioun nar?
Veritie. Sapience ſir was ane verie loun,
And Diſcretioun was nathing war:
The ſuith Sir, gif I wald report,
Thay did begyle zour Excellence:
And wald not ſuffer to reſort
Ane of vs thrie to zour preſence.
Chaſtitie. Thay thrie war Flattrie and Diſſait,
And Falſet that vnhappie loun:
Againſt vs thrie quhilk maid debait,
And baneiſcht vs from town to town.
Thay gart vs twa fall into ſowne,
Quhen thay vs lockit in the ſtocks:
That daſtart knaue Diſcretioun,
Full thifteouſlie did ſteill zour Box.
Rex. The Deuill tak them ſen thay ar gane,
Me thocht them ay thrieverie ſmaiks,
I mak ane vow to Sanct Mavane,
Quhen I them finde thays bear thair paiks,
I ſe thay haue playit me the glaiks,
Gude counſall now ſchaw me the beſt:
Quhen I fix on zow thrie my ſtaiks,
How I ſall keip my Realme in reſt.

Initium ſapientiæ eſt timor Domini.

Gud-coun. Sir, gif zour hienes zearnis lang to ring,
Firſt dread zour God abuif all vther thing,
For ze ar bot ane mortall inſtrument,
To that great God and King Omnipotent.
Preordinat be his divine Maieſtie,
To reull his peopill intill vnitie.
The principall point Sir of ane kings office,
Is for to do to euerilk man iuſtice.
And for to mix his iuſtice with mercie,
But rigour, fauour or parcialitie.
Forſuith it is na littill obſeruance,
Great Regions to haue in gouernance.
Quha euer taks on him that kinglie cuir,
To get ane of thir twa he ſuld be ſuir:
Great paine and labour, and that continuall,
Or ellis to haue defame perpetuall.
Quha guydis weill they win immortall fame,
Quha the contrair, they get perpetuall ſchame.
Efter quhais death but dout ane thouſand zeir
Thair life at lenth rehearſt ſall be perqueir.
The Chroniklis to knaw I zow exhort,
Thair ſall ze finde baith gude and euill report:
For euerie Prince efter his qualitie,
Thocht he be deid, his deids ſall neuer die.
Sir gif ze pleaſe for to vſe my counſall,
Zour fame and name ſall be perpetuall.

Heir ſall the meſſinger Diligence returne and cry a Hoyzes, a Hoyzes, a Hoyzes, and ſay.

¶ At the command of King Humanitie,
I wairne and charge all members of Parliament:
Baith ſpirituall ſtait and Temporalitie,
That till his Grace thay be obedient.

And

And ſpeid them to the Court incontinent,
In gude ordour arrayit royally,
Quha beis abſent or inobedient
The Kings diſpleaſure they ſall vnderly.
And als I mak zow exhortatioun,
Sen ze haifheard the firſt pairt of our play:
Go tak ane drink, and mak Collatioun,
Ilk man drink till his marrow, I zow pray.
Tarie nocht lang, it is lait in the day,
Let ſum drink Ayle and ſum drink Claret wine:
Be great Doctors of Phyſick I heare ſay,
That michtie drink comforts the dull ingine.
¶ [] And ze Ladies that liſt to piſch,
Lift vp zour taill, plat in ane diſch:
And gif that zour mawkine cryis quhiſch,
Stop in ane wuſp of ſtray.
Let nocht zour bladder burſt I pray zow,
For that war euin aneuch to ſlay zow:
For zit thair is to cum, I ſay zow,
The beſt pairt of our Play.

The END of the firſt part of the SATYRE.

Now ſall the pepill mak Collatioun, then beginnis the Interlude, the Kings, Biſchops and principall players being out of their ſeats.

Pauper, the pure man.

OFzour almis gude folks for Gods luiſe of heavin,
For I haue motherles bairns either ſax or ſeavin:
Gifze'ill gif me na gude for the luiſe of Ieſus,
Wiſche me the richt way till Sanct-Androes.
Diligence. Quhair haue wee gottin this gudly compan-
Swyith out of the feild-fals raggit loun. (zeoun?
God wait gif heir be ane weill keipit place,
Quhen ſic ane vilde begger Carle may get entres.
Fy on zow officiars that mends nocht thir failzies,
I gif zow all till the deuill baith Provoſt and Bailzies
Without ze cum and chaſe this Carle away,
The Deuill a word ze'is get mair of our play.
Fals huirſun raggit Carle, quhat Deuil is that thou rugs
Pauper. Quha Devil maid the ane gentill man that wald not cut thy lugs?
Dili. Quhat now? me thinks the earle begins to crack,
Swyith carle away or be this day Iſe break thy back.

Heir ſall the Carle climm vp and ſit in the Kings chyre.

Cum doun, or be Gods croun fals loun I ſall ſlay the.
Pauper. Now ſweir be thy brunt ſchinis the Deuill ding them fra the.
Quhat ſay ze till thir court-daſtards be thay get hail clais
Sa ſune as thay leir to ſweir and trip on thair tais,
Di. Mé thocht the carle callit me knaue evin in my face,
Be Sanct Fillane thou ſalbe ſlane, bot gif thou ask grace:
Loup doun or be the gude Lord thow ſall los thy heid.
Paup. I ſal anis drink or I ga thocht thou had ſworne my deid.

Heir Diligence caſtis away the ledder.

Dili. Loup now gif thou liſt for thon hes loſt the ledder.
Paup. It is full weil thy kind to loup and licht in a ledder.

Thou

Thou ſal be faine to fetch agane ye ledder or I loup
I ſall ſit heir into this tcheir till I haue tumde the ſtoup.

Heir ſall the Carle loup aff the ſcaffald.

Swyith begger bogill haiſt the away,
Thow art over pert to ſpill our play.
Pauper. I wil not gif for al zour play worth an ſowis fart,
For thair is richt lytill play at my hungrie hart.
Diligence. Quhat Devill ails this cruckit carle?
Pauper. Marie meikill ſorrow:
I can not get, thocht I gaſp to beg nor to borrow.
Diligence. Quhair deuill is this thou dwels or quhats
thy intent?
Pauper. I dwell into Lawthiane ane myle fra Tranent.
Dil. Quhair wald thou be carle, the ſuth to me ſchaw?
Pauper. Sir evin to Sanct-Androes for to ſeik law.
Dili. For to ſeik law in Edinburgh was the neireſt way,
Pauper. Sir I ſocht law thair this monie deir day.
Bot I cald get nane at Seſſioun nor Seinze,
Thairfoir the meikill din Deuill droun all the meinze.
Dil. Shaw me thy mater man with al the circumſtances?
How that thou hes happinit on thir vnhappie chances.
Pauper. Gude-man will ze gif me of zour Charitie
And I ſall declair zow the black veritie.
My father was ane auld man and ane hoir,
And was of age fourſcoir of zeirs and moir.
And Mald my mother was fourſcoir and fyfteine,
And with my labour I did thame baith ſuſteine.
Wee had ane Meir that caryit ſalt and coill,
And everie ilk zeir ſcho brocht vs hame ane foill.
VVee had thrie ky that was baith fat and fair,
Nane fydier into the toun of air.

My father was ſa waik of blude and bane,
That he deit, quhairfoir my mother maid great (maine
Then ſcho deit within ane day or two,
And thair began my povertie and wo.
Our gude gray Meir was baittand on the feild,
And our Lands laird tuik hir for his hyreild
The Vickar tuik the beſt Cow be the head,
Incontinent quhen my father was deid.
And quhē the Vickar hard tel how that my mother,
VVas dead, fra-hand he tuke to him ane vther,
Then Meg my wife did murne both evin & morow
Till at the laſt ſcho deit for verie ſorow:
And quhen the Vickar hard tell my wyfe was dead,
The thrid Cow he cleikit be the head.
Thair vmeſt clayis that was of rapploch gray,
The Vickar gart his Clark bear them away.
Quhen all was gaine I micht mak na debeat
Bot with my bairns paſt for till beg my meat.
Now haue I tald zow the blak veritie,
How I am brocht into this miſerie.
Dil. How did ye perſon, was he not thy gude freind?
Pau. The devil ſtick him, he curſt me for my teind
And halds me zit vnder that ſame proces
That gart me want the Sacrament at Paſche.
In gudefaith ſir, thocht he wald cut my throt,
I haue na geir except ane Inglis grot,
Quhilk I purpois to gif ane man of law.
Diligence. Thou art the dafteſt fuill that ever I ſaw;
Trows thou man be the law to get remeid,
Of men of kirk, na nocht till thou be deid.
Paup. Sir be quhat law tell me quhairfoir or quhy?
That ane Vickar ſould tak fra me thrie ky.

Dili-

Diligence. Thay haue na law except thair consuetude,
Quhilk law to them is suffisient and gude.
Paup. Ane consuetude against the common weill,
Sould be na law I think be sweit Sanct Geill.
Quhair will ze find that law tell gif ze can?
To tak thrie kyy fra ane pure husband man.
Ane for my father, and for my wyfe ane vther,
And the thrid Cow he take fra Mald my mother.
Diligence. It is thair law all that thay haue in vse
Thocht it be Cow, Sow, Ganer, Gryse or Guse,
Pauper. Sir I wald speir at zow ane question,
Behauld sum Prelats of this Regioun,
Manifestlie during thair lustie lyfis,
Thay swyfe Ladies, Madinis and vther mens wyfis.
And sa thair cunts thay haue in consuetude,
Quhidder say ze that law is evill or gude?
Dil. Hald thy toung man, it seims that thou war mangit,
Speik thou of Preists but doubt thou will be hangit.
Pauper. Be him that buir the cruell Croun of thorne,
I cair nocht to be hangit evin the morne.
Diligence. Be sure of Preistis thou will get na support,
Pauper. Gif that be trew the feind resaue the sort.
Sa sen I se I get na vther grace,
I will ly doun and rest mee in this place.

Pauper lyis down in the field, Pardoner enters.

Pardoner. *Bona dies, Bona dies,*
¶Devoit peopill, gude day I say zow,
Now tarie ane lytill quhyll I pray zow,
Till I be with zow knawin
Wait ze weill how I am haimit?
Ane nobill man and vndefamit
Gif all the suith war schawin.

I am sir Robert Rome-raker,
Ane perfite publike pardoner
Admittit be the Paip:
Sirs I sall schaw zow for my wage
My pardons and my pilgramage,
Quhilk ze sall se and graip:
I giue to the deuill with gude intent,
This vnsell wickit New-testament,
With them that it translatit:
Sen layik men knew the veritie,
Pardoners gets no charitie,
Without that thay debait it.
Amang the wiues with wrinks and wyles,
As all my marrowis, men begyles,
With our fair fals flattrie:
Zea all the crafts I ken perqueir,
As I was teichit be ane Freir,
Callit Hypocrisie.
Bot now allace, our greit abusions
Is cleirlie knawin till our confusions,
That we may fair repent:
Of all credence now I am quyte,
For ilk man halds me at dispyte,
That reids the New-test'ment.
Duill fell the braine that hes it wroche,
Sa fall them that the Buik hame broche
Als I pray to the Rude
That Martin Luther that fals loun,
Black Bullinger and Melancthoun,
Had bene smorde in their cude.
Be him that bure the crowne of thorne,
I wald Sanct Paull had neuer bene borne,

And

And als I wald his buiks:
VVar never red in the kirk,
Bot amangs freirs into the mirk,
Or riuen amang ruiks.
Heir sall he lay doun his geir vpon ane baird and sey,
My patent pardouns ze may se,
Cum fra the Caue of Tartarie,
VVeill seald with oster-schellis.
Thocht ze haue na contritioun,
Ze sall haue full remissioun
VVith help of Buiks and bellis.
Heir is aue relict lang and braid,
Of fine Macoull the richt chaft blaid,
VVith teith and al togidder:
Of Collings cow heir is ane horne,
For eating of Makconnals corne,
Was slaine into Baquhidder.
Heir is ane coird baith great and lang,
Quhilk hangit Iohne the Armistrang,
Of gude hemp soft and sound:
Gude halie peopill I stand for'd,
Quha ever beis hangit with this cord,
Neids never to be dround.
The culum of Sanct Bryds kow,
The gruntill of Sanct Antonis sow,
Quhilk buir his haly bell:
Quha ever he be heiris this bell clinck,
Gif me ane ducat for till drink,
He sall never gang to hell.
VVithout he be of Baliell borne,
Maisters trow ze that this be scorne?
Cum win this pardoun, cume

Quha luifis thair wyfis nocht with thair hart
I haue power them for till part,
Me think zow deif and dum.
Hes naine of zow curst wickit wyfis,
That halds zow into sturt and stryfis,
Cum tak my dispensatioun:
Of that cummer I sall mak zow quyte,
Howbeit zour selfis be in the wyte,
And mak ane fals narratioun.
Cum win the pardoun now let se,
For meill, for malt or for monie,
For cok, hen, guse or gryse:
Of relicts heir I haue ane hunder,
Quhy cum ze nocht this is ane wonder?
I trow ze be nocht wyse.
Sowtar. Welcum hame Robert Rome-raker,
Our halie patent pardoner:
Gif ze haue dispensatioun,
To pairt me and my wickit wyfe,
And me deliver from sturt and stryfe,
I mak zow supplicatioun.
Pardoner. I sall zow pairt but mair demand,
Sa I get mony in my hand,
Thairfoir let se sum cunze:
Sowtar. I haue na silver be my lyfe,
Bot fyue schillings and my schaipping knyfe,
That sall ze haue but sunze.
Pardoner. Quhat kynd of woman is thy wyfe,
Sowtar. Ane quick Devill Sir, ane storme of stryfe,
Ane Frog that fyles the winde:
Ane fistand flag, a flagartie fuffe,
At ilk ane pant scho lets ane puffe,

And

And hes na ho behind.
All the lang day scho me dispyts,
And all the nicht scho flings and flyts,
Thus sleip I never ane wink:
That Cockatrice, that commoun huir,
The mekill Devill may nocht induir
Hir stuburnnes and stink.
Sowtars wife. Theif carle thy words I hard rycht
In faith (my freindschip) ze sall feill, weill
And I the fang:
Sowtar. Gif I said ocht Dame be the Rude,
Except ze war baith fair and gude,
God nor I hang.
Pardoner. Fair dame gif ze wald be ane wower,
To part zow twa I haue ane power,
Tell on ar ze content?
Sowtars wyfe. Ze that I am with all my hart
Fra that fals huirsone till depart,
Gif this theif will consent.
Causses to part ~~to part~~ I haue anew,
[] Becaus I gat na chamber-glew,
I tell zow verely:
I meruell nocht, sa mot I lyfe,
[] Howbeit that swingeour can not swyfe,
He is baith cauld and dry.
Pard. Quhat wil ze gif me for zour part,
Ane cuppill of sarks with all my hart,
The best claith in the land:
Pardoner. To part sen ze ar baith content,
I sall zow part incontinent,
Bot ze mon do command.
My will and finall sentence is,

Ilk ane of zow vthers arſſe kis:
Slip doun zour hois, me thinkis the carle is glaikit,
Set thou not by howbeit ſcho kiſſe and ſlaik it,
Heir ſall ſche kis hir arſſe with ſilence.
Lift vp hir clais, kis hir hoill with zour hart,
Sowtar. I pray zow ſir forbid hir for to-fart.
Heir ſall the Carle kis hir arſſe with ſilence.
Pardoner. Dame paſze to the eaſt end of the toun,
And pas ze weſt evin lyke ane cuckald loun,
Go hence ze baith with Baliels braid bliſſing,
Schirs ſaw ze ever mair ſorrowles pairting?
Heir ſall the boy cry aff the hill.
Wilkin.
¶Hoaw maiſter, hoaw, quhair ar ze now?
Pardonner. I am heir Wilkin widdiefow.
Wilkin. Sir I haue done zout bidding,
For I haue fund ane great hors bane,
Ane fairer ſaw ze never nane,
Vpon Dame Fleſchers midding.
Sir, ze may gar the wyfis trow,
It is ane bane of Sanct Bryds cow,
Gude for the feuer quartane:
Sir will ze reull this reliet weill,
All the wyfis will baith kis and kneill,
Betuixt this and Dumbartane.
Pardoner. Quhat ſay thay of me in the toun?
Wilkin. Sum ſayis ze ar ane verie loun:
Sum ſayis, *Legatus veterus*
Sum ſayis z'ar ane fals Saracene,
And ſum ſayis ze ar for certaine
Diabolus incarnatus.
Bot keip zow fra ſubiectioun,
Of the curſt King Correctioun.

For

For be ze with him fangit:
Becaus ze ar ane Rome-raker,
Ane commoun publick cawſay-paker,
But doubt ze will be hangit.
Pardoner. Quhair ſall I ludge into the toun?
Wilkin, With gude kynde Criſtiane Anderſon,
Quhair ze will be weill treatit.
Gif ony limmer zow demands,
Scho will defend zow with hir hands,
And womanlie debait it,
Bawburdie ſays be the Trinitie,
That ſcho ſall beir zow cumpanie,
Howbeit ze byde ane zeir.
Pardoner. Thou hes done weill be Gods mother
Tak ze the taine and I the t'other:
Sa ſall we mak greit cheir.
¶ Wilkin. I reid zow ſpeid zow heir,
And mak na langer tarie:
Byde ze lang thair but weir,
I dreid zour weird zow warie.
Heir ſall Pauper riſe and rax him.

Paup. Quhat thing was zon that I hard crak & cry?
I haue bene dreamand and dreueland of my ky.
With my richt hand my haill bodie I ſaine,
Sanct Bryd, Sanct Bryd, ſend me my ky againe.
I ſe ſtandand zonder ane halie man,
To mak me help let me ſe gif he can.
Halie maiſter, God ſpeid zow and gude morne,
Pard. Welcum to me thocht thou war at the horne.
Cum win the pardoun and ſyne I ſall the ſaine,
Pauper. Wil that pardoun get me my ky againe?
Pardoner. Carle of thy ky I haue nathing ado,

Cum win my my pardon and kis my relicts to.
Heir ſall he ſaine him with his relictis.
Pard. Now lows thy purſſe & lay doun thy offrand,
And thou ſall haue my pardon euin fra-hand.
With raipis and relicts I ſall the ſaine againe,
Of Gut or grauell thou ſall neuer haue paine.
Now win the pardon limmer, or thou art loſt:
Pauper. My haly father, quhat wil that pardon coſt?
Pard. Let ſe quhat mony thou beareſt in thy bag:
Paup. I haue ane grot heir bund into ane rag.
Pard. Hes thou na vther ſiluer bot ane groat?
Pauper. Gif I haue mair ſir cum and rype my coat.
Pard. Gif me that grot man, gif thou heſt na mair,
Pauper. With all my heart maiſter lo tak it thair:
Now let me ſe zour pardon with zour leif.
Pardoner. Ane thouſand zeir of pardons I the geif.
Pauper. Ane thouſand zeir? I will not liue ſa lang,
Delyuer me it maiſter and let me gang.
Pardoner. Ane thouſand zeir I lay vpon thy head,
With *totiens quotiens:* now mak me na mair plead:
Thou haſt reſaiſit thy pardon now already.
Pauper. Bot I can ſe na thing ſir be our Lady:
Forſuith maiſter, I trow I be not wyſe,
To pay ere I haue ſene my marchandryſe.
That ze haue gott in my groat full ſair I rew:
Sir, quhidder is zour pardon black or blew?
Maiſter, ſen ze haue taine fra me my cunzie,
My marchandryſe ſchaw me withouttin ſunzie.
Or to the Biſchop I ſall pas and pleinzie
In Sanct-Androis, & ſummōd zow to the Seinzie,
Par. Quhat craifis the carle? me thinks thou art not wiſe.
Pauper. I craif my groat or ellis my marchandriſe.

Pardoner.

Pardoner. I gaif the pardon for ane thowſand zeir,
Pauper. How ſall I get that pardon let me heir?
Pardoner. Stand ſtill and I ſall tell the haill ſtorie:
Quhen thow art deid and gais to Purgatorie,
Being condempit to paine a thowſand zeir:
Then ſall thy pardoun the releif but weir,
Now be content ze ar ane mervelous man:
Pauper. Sall I get nathing for my grot quhill than?
Pardoner. That ſall thou not I mak it to zow plaine:
Pauper. Na than goſſop, gif me my grot againe.
Quhat ſay ze maiſters call ze this gude reſoun?
That he ſould promeis me ane gay pardoun:
And he reſaue my money in his ſtead,
Syne mak me na payment till I be dead:
Quhen I am deid I wait full ſikkerlie,
My ſillie ſaull will pas to Purgatorie:
Declair me this now God nor Baliell bind the,
Quhen I am thair curſt carle, quhair ſall I find the?
Not into heavin, bot rather into hell:
Quhen you art thair thou can not help thy ſel.
Quhen will thou cum my dolours till abait?
Or I the find my hippis will get ane hait.
Trowis thou butchour that I will by blind lambis:
Gif me my grot the devill dryte in thy gambis.
Par. Suyith ſtand abak, I trow this man be mangit:
Thou gets not this carle, thocht you ſuld be hangit
Pauper. Gif me my grot weill bund into ane clout,
Or be Gods breid Robin ſall beir ane rout.

Heir ſal thay fecht with ſilence and Pauper ſal caſt doun the buird, and caſt the relicts in the water

Diligence. Quhat kind of daffing is this al day?
Suyith ſmaiks out of the the feild, away.

Into ane preſoun put them ſone,
Syne hang them quhen the play is done.

Heir ſall Diligence mak his proclamatioun.

¶Diligence. Famous peopill tak tent and ze ſall ſe
The thrie eſtaits of this natioun:
Cum to the Court with ane ſtrange gravitie,
Thairfoir I mak zow ſupplicatioun:
Till ze haue heard our haill narratioun,
To keip ſilence and be patient I pray zow,
Howbeit we ſpeik be adulatioun,
Wee ſall ſay nathing bot the ſuith I ſay zow.
Gude verteous men that luifis the veritie,
I wait thay will excuſe our negligence:
Bot vicious men denude of charitie,
As feinzeit fals flattrand Saracens.
Howbeit thay cry on vs ane loud vengence,
And of our paſtyme mak ane fals report.
Quhat may wee do bot tak in patience?
And vs refer vnto the faithfull ſort.
¶Our Lord Ieſus Peter nor Paull,
Culd nocht content the peopill all,
Bot ſum war miſcontent:
Howbeit thay ſchew the veritie,
Sum ſaid that it war heriſie,
Be thair maiſt fals iudgement.

Heir ſall the thrie eſtaits cum fra the palzeoun gang- and backwart led be thair vyces.

Wantonnes. Now braid benedicite,
Quhat thing is zon that I ſe?
Luke Solace my hart:
Solace. Brother Wantonnes quhat thinks thow?
Zon ar the thrie eſtaits I trow:

Gang

Gangand backwart.
Wantonnes. Backwart, backwart, out wallaway?
It is greit ſchame for them I ſay,
Backwart to gang:
I trow the King Correctioun,
Man mak ane reformatioun:
Or it be lang.
Now let vs go and tell the King, *Pauſa.*
Sir wee haue ſene ane mervelous thing
Be our iudgement:
The thrie eſtaits of this Regioun,
Ar cummand backwart throw this toun,
To the Parlament.
Rex. Backwart, backwart, how may that be?
Gar ſpeid them haiſtelie to me:
In dreid that thay ga wrang:
Placebo. Sir I ſe them zonder cummand,
Thay will be he, heir evin fra hand,
Als faſt as thay may gang.
Gude-coun. Sir hald zou ſtil & skar them nocht,
Till ze perſaue quhat be thair thocht,
And ſe quhat men them leids:
And let the King Correctioun,
Mak ane ſcharp inquiſitioun,
And mark them be the heids.
Quhen ze ken the occaſioun,
That maks them ſic perſuaſioun;
Ze may expell the caus:
Syne them reforme as ze think beſt,
Sua that the Realme may liue in reſt.
According to Gods lawis.

Heir ſall the thrie eſtaits cum and turne thairfaces to the King.

¶Sirit Gloir, honour, laud triumph and victorie
Be to zour michtie prudent excellence:
Heir ar we cum all the eſtaits thrie,
Readie to mak our dew obedience.
At zour command with humbill obſervance,
As my pertene to Spiritualitie.
With counſell of the Temporalitie.
Temp. Sir we with michtie curage at command
Of zour ſuperexcellent Maieſtie,
Sall mak ſeruice baith with our hart and hand,
And ſall not dreid in thy defence to die:
Wee ar content but doubt that wee may ſe
That nobill heavinlie King Correctioun,
Sa he with mercie mak punitioun.

Merchand.

Sir we ar heir zour Burgeſſis and Merchands,
Thanks be to God that we may ſe zour face:
Traiſtand wee may now into divers lands,
Convoy our geir with ſupport of zour grace.
For now I traiſt wee ſall get reſt and peace,
Quhē miſdoars ar with zour ſword overthrawin
Then may leil-merchands liue vpon thair awin.
Rex. Welcum to me my prudent Lords all,
Ze ar my members ſuppois I be zour head:
Sit doun that we may with zour iuſt counſall,
Aganis miſdoars find ſoveraine remeid.
Wee ſall nocht ſpair for fauour nor for feid,
With zour avice to mak punitioun:
And put my ſword to executioun.
Cor. My tender freinds I pray zow with my hart,
Declair to me the thing that I wald ſpeir,
Quhat is the caus that ze gang all backwart?

The veritie thairof faine wald I heir.
Spiri. Soveraine we haue gaine ſa this mony a zeir
Howbeit ze think we go vndecently,
VVee think wee gang richt wonder pleaſantly.
Dil. Sit doun my Lords into zour proper places:
Syne let the King conſider all ſic caces.
Sit doun ſir ſcribe, and ſit doun dampſter to:
And fence the Court as ze war wont to do.
Thay ar ſet doun & Gud-counſell ſal pas to his ſeat.
¶Rex. My prudent Lords of the thrie eſtaits,
It is our will abuiſe all vther thing,
For to reforme all them that maks debaits,
Contrair the richt quhilk daylie dois maling.
And thay that dois the Common-weil doun thring
With help and counſell of King Correctioun,
It is our will for to mak puniſching:
And plaine oppreſſours put to ſubiectioun.
Spiritu. Quhat thing is this ſir, that ze haue devyſit?
Schirs ze haue neid for till be weill advyſit:
Be nocht haiſtie into zour executioun,
And be nocht our extreime in zour punitioun.
And gif ze pleaſe to do ſir, as wee ſay,
Poſtpone this Parlament till ane vther day.
For quhy? the peopill of this Religioun,
May nocht indure extreme correctioun.
Correct. Is this the part my Lords that ze will tak?
To mak vs ſupportatioun to correct:
It dois appeir that ze ar culpabill,
That ar nocht to Correctioun applyabill.
Suyith Diligence gaſchaw it is our will,
That everilk man oppreſt geif in his Bill.
Dili. All maneir of men I wairne that be oppreſt,

Cum and complaine and thay ſalbe redreſt.
For quhy, it is the nobill Princes will,
That ilk compleiner ſall gif in his Bill.

Iohne the Common-weill.

Out of my gait, for Gods ſaik let me ga:
Tell me againe gude maiſter quhat ze ſay.
Diligence. I warne al that be wrangouſlie offendit,
Cum and complaine and thay ſall be amendit.
Iohn. Thankit be chriſt yat buir the croun of thorne
For I was never ſa blyth ſen I was borne.
Diligen. Quhat is thy name follow, that wald I feil?
Iohn. Forſuith thay call me Iohne the cõmon-weil.
Gude maiſter I wald ſpeir at zou ane thing,
Quhair traiſt ze I ſall find zon new cumde King?
Dili. Cum over, and I ſall ſchaw the to his grace,
Iohne. Gods benneſone licht on that luckie face.
Stand by the gait, let ſe gif I can loup,
Iman rin faſt incace I get ane coup.

Heirſall Iohne loup the ſtank or els fall in it.

Dili. Speid the away, thou taryis all to lang:
Iohne. Now be this day I may na faſter gang.

Iohne to the King.

Gude day, gud day, grit God ſaif baith zour graces
Wallie, wallie fall thay twa weill fairde faces.
Rex. Shaw me thy name gude man I the command,
Io. Marie Iohne the common-weil of fair Scotland
Rex. The commoun weill hes bene amang his fais:
Ioh. Ze ſir that gars the commoun-weil want clais.
Rex. Quhat is the caus the common weil is crukit?
Ioh. Becaus the common-weill hes bene overlukit
Rex. Quhat gars the luke ſa with ane dreirie hart?
Ioh, Becaus the thrie eſtaits gangs all backwart.

Rex.

Rex, Sir cõmon weill knaw ze the limmers that thé leids?
Iohne. Thair canker cullours I ken them be the heads:
As for our reverent fathers of Spiritualitie,
Thay ar led be Couetice and cairles Sensualitie.
And as ze se Temporalitie hes neid of correctioun,
Quhilk hes lang tyme bene led be publick oppressioun:
Loe quhair the loun ly is lurkand at his back,
Get vp I think to se thy craig gar ane raip crack.
Loe heir is Falset and Dissait weill I ken,
Leiders of the merchants and sillie crafts-men.
Quhat mervell thocht the thrie estaits backward gang?
Quhen sic an vyle cumpanie dwels them amang.
Quhilk hes reulit this rout monie deir dayis,
Quhilk gars Iohn the cõmon-weil want his warme clais
Sir call them befoir zow and put them in ordour,
Or els Iohn the common-weil man beg on the bordour.
Thou feinzeit Flattrie the feind fart in thy face,
Quhen ze was guyder of the Court we gat litill grace.
Ryse vp Falset and Dissait without onysunze,
I pray God nor the devils dame dryte on thy grunze.
Behauld as the loun lukis evin lyke a theif,
Monie wicht-warkman thou brocht to mischeif.
My soveraine Lord Correction I mak zow supplication,
Put thir tryit truikers from Christis congregation.
Correctioun. As ze haue devysit but doubt it salbe done
Cum heir my Sergeants and do zour debt sone.
Put thir thrie pellours into pressoun strang,
Howbeit ze sould hang them ze do them na wrang.

First Sergeant.

Soverane Lords wee sall obey zour commands:
Brother vpon thir limmers lay on thy hands.
Ryse vp sone loun thou luiks evin-lyke ane lurden:

Zour mouth war meit to drink an weſche iurden.

Secund Sergeant.

¶Cum heir goſſop, cum heir, cum heir,
Zour rackles lyfe ze ſall repent:
Quhen was ze wont to be ſa ſweir?
Stand ſtill and be obedient.
First Sergeant. Thair is nocht in all this toun,
(Bot I wald nocht this taill war tald:)
Bot I wald hang him for his goun,
Quhidder that it war Laird or laid.
I trow this pellour be ſpur-gaid,
Put in thy hand into this cord,
Howbeit I ſe thy skap skyre skaid:
Thou art ane ſtewat I ſtand foird.

Heir ſall the vyeis be led to the ſtocks.

Secund Ser. Put in zour leggis into the ſtocks,
For ze had never ane meiter hois:
Thir ſtewats ſtinks as thay war Broks,
Now ar ze ſikker I ſuppois. *Pauſa.*
My Lords wee haue done zour commands,
Sall wee put Covetice in captivitie?
Correction. Ze hardlie lay on them zour hands,
Rycht ſa vpon Senſualitie,
Spi. This is my Grainter and my Chalmerlaine,
And hes my gould and geir vnder hir cuiris:
I mak ane vow to God I ſall complaine,
Vnto the Paip how ze do me iniuris.

Covetice.

¶My reverent fathers tak in patience,
I ſall nocht lang remaine from zour peſence
Thocht for ane quhyll I man from zow depairt,

I wale

I wait my ſpreit ſall remaine in zour hart.
And quhen this King Correctioun beis abſent,
Then ſall we twa returne incontinent.
Thairfoir adew.---
—Spiritualitie. Adew be Sanct Mavene,
Pas quhair ze will we ar twa naturall men.
Senſualitie. Adew my Lord-----
Spiritualitie.----- Adew my awin ſweit hart.
New duill fell me that wee twa man depart.
Senſuali. My Lord fie, beit this parting dois me
I traiſt in God we ſal meit ſone agane. (paine,
Spiri. To cum againe I pray zow do zour cure,
Want I zow twa I may nocht lang indure.

Heir ſal the Sergeants chaſe them away, and they ſall gang to the ſeat of Senſualitie.

¶Tempor. My Lords ze knaw the thrie eſtaits,
For Common-weill ſuld mak debaits:
Let now amang vs be devyſit,
Sic actis that with gude men be prayſit.
Conforming to the common law,
For of na man we ſould ſtand aw.
And for till ſaif vs fra murmell,
Schone Diligence fetch vs Gude-counſell
For quhy he is ane man that knawis,
Baith the Cannon and Civill lawis.
Diligence. Father ze man incontinent,
Paſſe to the Lords of Parliament.
For quhy thay ar determinat all,
To do na thing by zour counſall.
Gude-counſal. That ſal I do within ſchort ſpace,
Praying the Lord to ſend vs grace:
For till conclude or wee depart,

That thay may profeit efterwart,
Baith to the Kirk and to the King,
I ſall deſyre na vther thing. *Pauſa.*
My Lords God glaid the cumpanie,
Quhat is the cauſe ze ſend for me?
Merchand. Sit doun and gif vs zour counſell,
How we ſall ſlaik the greit murmell,
Of pure peopill, that is weill knawin,
And as the Common-weill hes ſchawin,
And als wee knaw it is the Kings will,
That gude remeid be put thairtill.
Sir Common-weill keip ze the bar,
Let nane except zourſelf cum nar.
Iohne. I hat ſall I do as I beſt can,
I ſall hauld out baith wyfe and man.
Ze man let this puir creature,
Support me for till keip the dure.
I knaw his name full ſickerly,
He will complaine als weill as I.
Counſ. My worthy Lords ſen ze haue taine on hand
Sum reformatioun to mak into this land:
And als ze knaw it is the Kings mynd,
Quha till the Common-weil hes ay bene kynd:
Thocht reif and thift wer ſtanchit weill aneuch,
Zit ſumthing mair belangis to the pleuch.
Now into peace ze ſould provyde for weirs,
And be ſure of how mony thowſand ſpeirs,
The King may be quhen he hes ocht ado,
For quhy my Lords this is my reſſoun to.
The husband-men and commons thay war wont,
Go in the battell formeſt in the front,
Bot I haue tint all my experience,

Without

Without ze mak ſum better diligence:
The Common-weill mon vther way is be ſtyllit,
Or be my faith the King wilbe begyllit.
Thir pure commouns daylie as ze may ſe,
Declynis doun till extreme poverrie:
For ſum ar hichtit ſa into thair maill,
Thair winning will nocht find them water kaill.
How Prelats heichts thair teinds it is weill knawin,
That husband-men may not weill hald thair awin.
And now begins ane plague amang them new,
That gentill men thair ſteadings taks in few.
Thus man thay pay great ferme or lay thair ſteid,
And ſum ar plainlie harlit out be the heid,
And ar diſtroyit without God on them rew.
Pap. Sir be Gods breid that taill is verie trew,
It is weill kend I had baith nolt and hors,
Now all my geir ze ſe vpon my cors.
Correction, Or I depairt I think to mak ane ordour
Iohne, I pray zow ſir begin firſt at bordour,
For how can we ſend vs agains Ingland
Quhen we can nocht within our natiue Land,
Deſtroy our awin Scots, common trator theifis,
Quha to leill laborers daylie dois miſcheifis.
VVar I ane King my Lord be Gods wounds,
Quha ever held cõmon theifis within thair bounds:
Quhairthrow that dayly leilmen micht be wrangit,
Without remeid thair chiftanis ſuld be hangit,
Quhidder he war ane knicht, ane Lord or Laird
The Devill draw me to hell and he war ſpaird.
Tempora. Quhat vther enemies hes thou let vs ken?
Iohne. Sir I compleine vpon the idill men:
For quhy ſir it is Gods awin bidding

All Christian men to wirk for thair living.
Sanct Paull that pillar of the Kirk,
Sayis to the wretchis that will not wirk
And bene to vertews laith
Qui non laborat non manducet.
This is in Inglische toung or leir:
Quha labouris nocht he sall not eit.
This bene against the strang beggers,
Fidlers, pypers, and pardoners:
Thir Iugglars, Iestars, and idill cuitchours,
Thir carriers and thir quintacensours:
Thir babil-beirers and thir bairds,
Thir sweir swyngeours with Lords and Lairds:
Ma then thair rents may susteine,
Or to thair profeit neidfull bene,
Quhilk bene ay blytheſt of discords,
And deidly feid amang thar Lords.
For then they sleutchers man be treatit,
Or els thair querrels vndebaitit.
This bene against thir great fat Freiris,
Augustenes, Carmleits and Cordeleirs:
And all vthers that in cowls bene cled,
Quhilk labours nocht and bene weill fed.
I mein nocht laborand Spirituallie,
Nor for thair living corporallie:
Lyand in dennis lyke idill doggis
I them compair to weil-fed hoggis.
I think they do them selfis abuse,
Seing that thay the warld refuse:
Haiſing profeſt sic povertie,
Syne fleis fast fra neceſſitie.
Quhat gif thay povertie wald profeſſe?

And

And do as did Diogenes,
That great famous Philosophour,
Seing in earth bot vaine labour,
Alutterlie the warld refusit,
And in ane tumbe him self inclusit,
And leifit on herbs and water cauld,
Of corporall fude na mair he wald.
He trottit nocht from toun to toun,
Beggand to feid his carioun.
Fra tyme that lyfe he did profes,
The wald of him was cummerles.
Rycht sa of Marie Magdalene,
And of Mary th'Egyptiane:
And of auld Paull the first Hermeit,
All thir had povertie compleit.
Ane hundreth ma I micht declair,
Bot to my purpois I will fair:
Concluding sleuthfull idilnes,
Against the Common-weill expresse,
Correctioun. Quhom vpon ma will ze compleine?
Iohne.Marie on ma and ma againe.
For the pure peopill cryis with cairis,
The infetching of Iustice airis:
Exercit mair for couetice,
Then for the punisching of vyce.
Ane peggrell theif that steillis ane kow,
Is hangit:bot he that steillis ane bow
With als meikill geir as he may turs,
That theif is hangit be the purs.
Sic pykand peggrall theifis ar hangit,
Bot he that all the warld hes wrangit,
Ane cruell tyrane ane strang trasgressour,

Ane common publick plaine oppreſſour,
By buds may he obteine fauours
Of Treſurers and compoſitours,
Thocht he ſerue greit punitioun,
Gets eaſie compoſitioun:
And throch laws conſiſtoriall
Prolixt, corrupt and perpetuall.
The common peopill ar put ſa vnder,
Thocht thay be puir it is na wonder.
Correction. Gude Iohne I grant all that is trew,
Zour infortoun full ſair I rew:
Or I pairt aff this Natioun,
I ſall mak reformatioun.
And als my Lord Temporalitie,
I zow command in tyme that ze
Expell oppreſſioun aff zour lands.
And als I ſay to zow merchands,
Gif ever I find be land or ſie,
Diſſait be in zour cumpanie:
Quhilk ar to Common-weill contrair,
I vow to God I ſall not ſpair
To put my ſword to execution,
And mak on zow extreme punitioun.
Mairover my Lord Spiritualitie,
In gudlie haiſt I will thairze
Set into few zour temporall lands.
To men that labours with thair hands.
Bot nocht to ane gearking gentill man,
That nether will he wirk, nor can:
Quhair throch the policy may increſſe.
Temporalitie. I am content ſir be the meſſe:
Swa that the Spiritualitie,

Set

Sets thairs in few als weill as wee.
Correctioun. My Spirituall Lords ar ze content?
Spiritualitie. Na, na, wee man tak advysement
In sic maters for to conclude,
Quir haistelie [illegible]ink nocht gude.
Cor. Conclude ze nocht with the Comon-weil
Ze salbe punischit be Sanct Geill.

Heir sall the Bischops cum with the Freir.

Spiritualitie. Schir we can schaw exemptioun,
Fra zour temporall punitioun:
The quhilk wee purpois till debair.
Correction. Wa than, ze think to stryue for stair,
My Lords quhat say ze to this play?
Temporalitie. My soverane Lords we will obay,
And tak zour part with hart and hand,
Quhat ever ze pleis vs to command.

Heir sal the Temporal stait sit doun on thair knies, & say.

Bot wee beseik zow Soveraine,
Of all our cryms that ar bygaine
To gif vs ane remissioun,
And heir wee mak to zow conditioun,
The Common-weill for till defend
From hence-forth till our liues end.
Correctioun. On that conditioun I am content
Till pardon zow sen ze repent,
The Common-weill tak be the hand,
And mak with him perpetuall band.

Heir sall the temporal staits, to wit, the Lords and merchands imbreasse Iohne the Common-weill.

Iohne haue ze ony ma debaits
Against the Lords of Spirituall staits?
Iohne. Na sir I dar nocht speik ane word,

To plaint on Preiſtis it is na bourd:
Correctioun, Flyt on thy fow fill I deſyre the:
Swa that thou ſchaw bot the veritie.
Iohne. Grandmerces then I ſall nocht ſpair,
Firſt to compleine on the Vickair,
The pure Cottar lykand to die,
Haifand zoung infants twa orthrie:
And hes twa ky but ony ma,
The Vickar moſt haif ane of thay:
With the gray frugge that covers the bed,
Howbeit the wyfe be purelie cled,
And gif the wyfe die on the morne,
Thocht all the bairns ſould be forlorne,
The vther kow he cleiks away
With the pure cot of raploch gray.
Wald God this cuſtome war put doun,
Quhilk never was foundit be reſſoun.
Temporal. Ar all thay tails trew that thou telles?
[]Pauper. Trew ſir, the Divill ſtick me elles.
For be the halie Trinitie,
That ſame was practeiſit on me.
For our Vickar God giue him pyne,
Hes zit thrie tydie kye of myne.
Ane for my father and for my ane vther,
And the thrid cow he tuke for Mald my mother.
Iohne. Our Perſone heir he takis na vther pyne,
Bot to reſſaue his teinds and ſpend them ſyne.
Howbeit he be obleiſt be gude reſſoun,
To preich the Evangell to his parochoun.
Howbeit thay ſuld want preiching ſevintin zeir.
Our Perſoun will not want ane ſcheif of beir.
Pau. Our biſhops with thair luſtie rokats quhyte,

Thay

Thay flow in riches royallie and delyte
Lyke Paradice bene thair palices and places,
And wants na pleasour of the fairest faces.
Als thir Prelates hes great prerogatyues,
For quhy thay may depairt ay with thair wyues:
Without ony correctioun or damnage,
Syne tak ane vther wantoner but mariage,
Bot doubt I wald think it ane pleasant lyfe,
Ayon quhen I list to part with my wyfe.
Syne tak ane vther of far greiter bewtie,
Bot ever alace my Lords that may not be,
For I am bund alace in mariage,
Bot thay lyke rams rudlie in thair rage.
Vnpysalt rinnis amang the sillie zowis,
Sa lang as kynde of nature in them growis.
Person. Thou lies fals huirsun raggit loun,
Thair is na Preists in all this toun,
That ever vsit sic vicious crafts.
Iohne. the feind ressaue thay flattrand chafts:
Sir Domine I trowit ze had be dum,
Quhair Devil gat we this ill fairde blaitie bum?
Pers. To speik of Preists be sure it is na bourds:
Thay will burne men now for rakles words,
And all thay words ar herisie in deid,
Iohn. The mekil feind ressaue the saul that leid,
All that I say is trew thocht thou be greifit,
And that I offer on thy pallet to preifit.
Spr. My lords quhy do ze thoil that lurdun loun,
Of Kirk-men to speik sic detractioun.
I let zow wit my Lords it is na bourds,
Of Prelats for till speik sic wantoun words.

Zon villaine puttis me out of Charitie.
Tompo. Quhy my Lord, sayis he ocht bot verity
Ze can nocht stop ane pure man for till pleinze
Gif he hes faltit, summond him to zour Seinze.
Spritual. Zea that I sall, I mak greit God a vow
He sall repent that he spak of the kow.
I will not suffer sic words of zon villaine.
Pauper. Than gar gif me my thrie fat ky againe.
Spr. Fals carle to speik to me stands thou not aw?
Pau. The feind resaue them that first devysit that law
Within an houre efter my dade was deid
The Vickar had my kow hard be the heid.
Person. Fals huirsun carle I say that law is gude,
Becaus it hes bene lang our consuetude:
Pauper. Quhen I am Paip that law I sal put doun
It is ane sair law for the pure commoun.
Spritu. I mak an vow thay words thou sal repent.
Counsall. I zow requyre my Lords be patient.
Wee came nocht heir for disputatiouns,
Wee came to make gude reformatiouns.
Heirfoir of this zour propositioun,
Conclude and put to executioun.
Mer. My Lords conclud that al the tẽporal lands
Be let in few to laboreris with thair hands,
With sic restrictiouns as sall be devysit,
That thay may liue and nocht to be supprysit.
With ane resonabill augmentatioun,
And quhen thay heir ane proclamatioun:
That the Kings grace dois mak him for the weir,
That thay be reddie with harneis, bow and speir.
As for my self my Lord this I conclude.
Coun. Sa say we all zour ressoun be sa gude.

To mak ane Act on this we ar content:
Iohne. On that sir Scribe I tak ane instrument.
Quhat do ze of the corspresent and kow? or marshame.
Counsall, I wil conclude nathing of that as now
Without my Lord of Spiritualitie,
Thairto consent with all this haill cleargie.
My Lord Bischop will ze thairto consent?
Spri. Na, na, never till the day of Iudgement.
We will want nathing that wee haue in vse,
Kirtil nor kow, teind lambe, teind gryse nor guse.
Tem. Forsuith my lord I think we suld conclude,
Seing this kow ze haue in consuetude:
Wee will decerne heir that the Kings grace,
Sall wryte vnto the Paipis holines:
With his consent be proclamatioun,
Baith corspresent and cow wee sall cry doun. 4 or mortname
Spiri. To that my Lords wee plainlie dissent,
Noter thairof I tak ane instrument. o Clarke of the remembrance
Te. My lord be him that al the warld hes wrocht,
Wee set nocht by, quhider ze consent or nocht: o not
Ze ar bot ane estait and we ar twa,
Et vbi maior pars ibi tota.
Ioh. My lords ze haif richt prudentlie concludit,
Tak tent now how the land is clein denudit:
Of gould and silver quhilk daylie gais to Rome,
For buds, mair then the rest of Christindome. godwis.
War I ane King sir be coks passioun,
I sould gar mak ane proclamatioun.
That never ane penny sould go to Rome at all,
Na mair then did to Peter nor to Paull:
Da ze nocht sa, heir for conclusioun
I gif zow all my braid black malesoun.

Merchant. It is of treuth sirs, be my christindome,
That mekil of our money gais to Rome.
For we merchants I wait within our bounds,
Hes furneist Preists ten hundreth thowsand punds.
For thair finnance, nane knawis sa weill as wee:
Thairfoir my Lords devyse sum remedie.
For throw thir playis and thir promotioun,
Mair for denners nor for devotioun.
Sir Symonie hes maid with them ane band,
The gould of weicht thay leid out of the land.
The Common-weil, thair throch be in sair opprest
Thairfoir devyse remeid as ze think best.
Counsell. It is schort tyme sen ony benefice,
VVas sped in Rome except greit Bischoories.
Bot now for ane vnworthie Vickarage,
Ane Preist will rin to Rome in Pilgramage.
Ane cavell quhilk was never at the scule,
Will rin to Rome and keip ane Bischops mule:
And syne cum hame with mony colorit crack,
With ane buirdin of benefeices on his back.
Quhilk bene against the law ane man alaine,
For till posses ma benefices nor ane.
Thir greit commends I say withoutin faill,
Sould nocht be giuen bot to the blude Royall:
Sa I conclude my Lords and sayis for me,
Ze sould annull all this pluralitie.
Spritualitie. The Paip hes giuen vs dispensatiouns:
Counsall. Zea, that is, be zour fals narratiouns!
Thocht the Paip for zour pleasour will dispence,
I trow that can nocht cleir zour conscience.
Advyse my Lords quhat ze think to conclude,
Temporalitie. Sir be my faith I think it verie gude,

That

That fra hence furth na Preistis sall pas to Rome.
Becaus our substance thay do still consume,
For pleyis and for thair profeit singulair,
Thay haif of money maid this realme bair.
And als I think it best be my advyse,
That ilk Preist sall haif bot ane benefice.
And gif thay keip nocht that fundatioun,
It sall be caus of deprivatioun.
Merchant. As ze haif said my Lord we wil consent,
Scribe mak ane act on this incontinent.
Couns. My Lords, thair is ane thing zit vnproponit
How Prelats and Preistis aucht to be disponit:
This beand done wee haue the les ado;
Quhat say ze sirs? this is my counsall lo:
That or wee end this present Parliament,
Of this mater to tak rype advysement,
Mark weill my Lords, thair is ane benefice
Giuen to ane man, bot for ane gude office.
Quha taks office and syne thaim can nocht vsit,
Giuer and taker I say ar baith abusit.
Ane Bischops office is for to be ane preichour,
And of the law of God ane publick teachour.
Rycht sa the Person e vnto his parochoun,
Of the Evangell sould leir them ane lessoun.
Thair sould na man desyre sic dignities,
Without he be abill for that office.
And for that caus, I say without leising,
Thay haue thair teinds, and for na vther thing.
Sp. Freind quhair find ze that we suld prechours be
Coun. Luik quhat Sanct Paul wryts vnto Timothie
Tak thair the Buik let se gif ze can spell.
Sprital. I never red that, thairfoir reid it zour sel.

Counsall sall read thir wordis on ane Buik.

¶ *Fidelis sermo, siquis Episcopatum desiderat, bonum opus desiderat, oportet enim irreprehensibilem esse, vnius vxoris virum, sobrium, prudentem, ornatum, pudicum, hospitalem, doctorem: non violentum, non percussorem: sed modestum.* That is

¶ This is a true saying, If any man desire the office of a Bishop, he desireth a worthie worke: A Bishop therefore must be vnreproueable, the husband of one wife, &c.

Spiritualitie. Ze temporall men be him that heryit hell,
Ze ar ovir peart with sik maters to mell.
Temporalitie. Sit still my Lord, ze neid not for til braull,
Thir ar the verie words of th' Apostill Paull.
Spir. Sum sayis be him that woare the croun of thorne,
It had beine gude that Paull had neir beine borne.
Counsal. Bot ze may knaw my Lord Sanct Pauls intent,
Schir redze never the Newtestament?
Spiritualitie. Na sir, be him that our Lord Iesus sauld,
I red never the New testament nor auld,
Nor ever thinks to do sir be the Rude,
I heir freiris say that reiding dois na gude.
Counsell. Till zow to reid them I think it is na lack,
For anis I saw them baith bund on zour back:
That samin day that ze was consecrat,
Sir, quhat meinis that?
Spiritualitie. The feind stick them that wat.
Merchant. Then befoir God how can ze be excusit?
To haif ane office and waits not how to vsit.
Quhairfoir war gifin zow all the temporal lands?
And all thir teinds ze haif amang zour hands.
Thay war giuin zow for vther causses I weine,
Nor mummil matins and hald zour clayis cleine.
Ze say to the Appostils that ze succeid,
Bot ze schaw nocht that into word nor deid.

The

The law is plaine, our teinds suld furnisch teichours:
Counsl. Zea that it sould, or susteine prudent preichours.
Pauper. Sir God nor I be stickit with ane knyfe,
Gif ever our Persoun preichit in all his lyfe.
Persone. Quhat devil raks the of our preiching vndocht?
Pauper. Think ze that ze suld haue the teinds for nocht?
Persone. Trowis thou to get remeid carle of that thing?
Pauper. Zea be Gods breid richt sone war I ane King.
Persone. Wald thou of Prelats mak deprivatioun?
Pauper. Na I suld gar them keip thair fundatioun,
Quhat devill is this, quhom of sould Kings stand aw?
To do the thing that thay sould be the law.
War I ane King be coks deir passioun,
I sould richt sone mak reformatioun.
Failzeand thairof zour grace sould richt sone finde,
That Preists sall leid zow lyke ane bellie blinde.
Iohne. Quhat gif King David war leiuand in thir dayis?
The quhilk did found sa mony gay Abayis:
Or out of heavin quhat gif he luikit doun?
And saw the great abominatioun:
Amang thir Abesses and thir Nunries,
Thair publick huirdomes and thair harlotries,
He wald repent he narrowit sa his bounds,
Of zeirlie rent thriescoir of thowsand pounds,
His successours maks litill ruisse I ges,
Of his devotioun or of his holines.

Abbasse.

How dar thou carle presume for to declair,
Or for to mell the, with sa heich a mater?
For in Scotland thair did zit never ring,
I let the wit ane mair excellent King.
Of holines he was the verie plant,

And now in heavin he is ane michtfull Sanct.
Becaus that fyftein Abbasies he did found,
Quhair throw great riches hes ay done abound
Into our Kirk and daylie zit abunds,
Bot kings now I trow few Abbasies founds.
I dar weill say thou art condempnit in hel,
That dois presume with sic maters to mell.
Fals huirsun carle thou art ovir arrogant,
To iudge the deids of sic ane halie Sanct.
Iohne. King Iames the first Roy of this Regioun,
Said that he was ane sair Sanct to the croun.
I heir men say that he was sumthing blind,
That gaue away mair, nor he left behind.
His successours that halines did repent,
Quhilk gart them do great inconvenient.
Abbas. My Lord Bishop I mervel how that ze,
Suffer this carle for to speik heresie.
Forbe my faith my Lord will ze tak tent,
He servis for to be brunt incontinent.
Ze can nocht say bot it is heresie,
To speik against our law and libertie.
Spritualitie. *Sancte pater* I mak zow supplicatioun,
Exame zon carle, syne mak his dilatioun:
I mak ane vow to God omnipotent,
That bystouth salbe brunt incontinent.
Venerabill father I sall do zour command,
Gif he seruis deid I sall syne vnderstand. *Pausa.*
Fals huirsun carle schaw furth thy faith,
Iohne. Me think ze speik as ze war wraith,
To zow I will nathing declair,
For ze ar nocht my ordinair.
Flat. Quhom in trowis thou fals monster mangit?

Iohne

Iohne. I trow to God to ſe the hangit:
War I ane King be coks paſſioun,
I ſould gar mak ane congregatioun,
Of all the freirs of the four ordouris,
And mak zow vagers on the bordours.
Schir will ze giue me audience,
And I ſall ſchaw zour excellence:
Sa that zour grace will giue me leiſe
How into God that I beleiſe.
Corr. Schaw furth zour faith and feinze nocht.
Iohne. I beleiſe in God that all hes wrocht,
And creat everie thing of nocht.
And in his Son our Lord Ieſu,
Incarnat of the Virgin trew:
Quha vnder Pilat tholit paſſioun,
And deit for our Salvatioun.
And on the thrid day rais againe,
As halie ſcriptour ſchawis plane.
And alsmy Lord it is weill kend,
How he did to the heavin aſcend:
And ſet him doun at the richt hand,
Of God the father I vnderſtand.
And ſall cum iudge on Dumiſday,
Quhat will ze mair ſir that I ſay?
Correctioun. Schaw furth the reſt, this is na game.
Iohne. I trow Sanctam Eccleſiam,
Bot nocht in thir Biſchops nor thir Freirs,
Quhilk will for purging of thir neirs,
[] Sard vp the ta raw and doun the vther,
The mekill Devill reſaue the fidder.
Correctioun, Say quhat ze will ſirs be Sanct Tan,
Me think Iohne ane gude Chriſtian man.

Temporalitie. My Lords let be zour diſputatioun,
Conclude with firme deliberatioun.
How Prelats fra thyne ſall be diſponit:
Merch. I think for me evin as ze firſt proponit.
That the Kings grace ſall gif na benefice,
Bot till ane peichour that can vſe that office,
The ſillie ſauls that bene Chriſtis ſcheip,
Sould nocht be givin to gormand wolfis to keip.
Quhat bene the caus of all the hereſies,
Bot the abuſioun of the prelacies?
Thay will correct and will nocht be correctit:
Thinkand to na prince thay wil be ſubiectit.
Quhairfoir I can find na better remeid,
Bot that thir kings man take it in thair heid,
That thair be giuen to na man biſchopries,
Except thay preich out throch thair dioſies,
And ilk perſone priech in his parochon,
And this I ſay for finall concluſion.
Tempora. Wee think zour counſall is verie gude,
As ze haue ſaid wee all conclude.
Of this concluſioun Noter wee mak ane act:

Scrybe.

I wryte all day bot gets never ane plack.
Pauper. Och, my Lords for the halie Trinitie,
Remember to reforme the conſiſtorie.
It hes mair neid of reformatioun,
Nor Ploutois court ſir be coks paſſioun.
Perſ. Quhat caus hes thou fals pellour for to plein-
Quhair was ze ever ſummond to thair ſeinze? (ze
Pa. Marie I lent my goſſop my mear to ſeeth hame
And he hir drounit into the querrell hollis. (coills
And I ran to the Conſiſtorie for to pleinze,

And

And thair I happinit amang ane groidle meinze.
Thay gaue me first ane thing thay call citandum,
Within aucht dayis I gat bot lybellandum.
Within ane moneth I gat ad opponendum,
In half ane zeir I gat interloquendum,
And syne I gat, how call ze it? ad replicandum:
Bot I could never ane word zit vnderstand him.
And than thay gart me cast out many plackis,
And gart me pay for four and twentie actis.
Bot or thay came half gait to concludendum,
The feind ane plack was left for to defend him.
Thus thay postponit me twa zeir with thair traine,
Syne hodie ad octo bad me cum againe.
And than thir ruiks thay roupit wonder fast,
For sentence silver thay cryit at the last.
Of pronunciandum thay maid me wonder faine,
Bot I gat never my gude gray meir againe.
Temp. My Lords we moh reformе thir consistory lawis,
Quhais great defame abone the heavins blawis.
I wist ane man in persewing ane kow,
Or he had done he spendit half ane bow.
Sa that the kings honour wee may avance,
Wee will conclude, as thay haue done in France,
Let Spritvall maters pas to Spritualitie,
And Temporall maters to Temporalitie.
Quha failzeis of this sall cost them of thair gude,
Scribe mak ane act, for sa wee will conclude.
Spritualitie. That act my Lords plainlie I will declair,
It is againis our profeit singulair.
Wee will nocht want our profeit be Sanct Geill,
Temporalitie. Zour profeit is againſt the Common weil
It salbe done my Lords as ze haue wrocht,

We cure nocht quhidder ze consent or nocht,
Quhairfoir servis then all thir Temporall Iudges?
Gif temporall maters sould seik at zow refuges,
My Lord ze say that ze ar Spirituall,
Quhairfoir mell ze than with things temporall?
As we haue done conclude sa fall it stand,
Scribe put our Acts in ordour evin fra hand.
Spritualitie. Till all zour acts plainlie I disassent,
Notar thairof I tak ane instument.

Heir sall Veritie and Chastitie mak thair plaint at the bar.

Veritie. My Soverane I beseik zour excellence,
Vse Iustice on Spritualitie:
The quhilk to vs hes done great violence,
Becaus we did rehers the veritie.
Thay put vs close into Captivitie,
And sa remanit into subiectioun:
Into great langour and calamitie,
Till we war fred be King Correctioun.
Chast. My lord I haif great caus for to complaine,
I could get na ludging intill this land:
The Spirituall stait had me sa at disdane,
With Dame Sensuall thay haue maid sic ane band.
Amang them all na freindschip firs I fand,
And quhen I came the nobill innis amang,
My lustie Ladie Priores fra hand:
Out of hir dortour durlie scho me dang.
Veritie. With the advyse sir of the Parliament,
Hairtlie we mak zow supplicatioun:
Cause King Correctioun tak incontinent,
Of all this sort examinatioun.
Gif thay be digne of deprivatioun,
Ze haue power for to correct sic cases:

Cheasé

Cheaſe the maiſt cunning Clerks of this natioun,
And put mair prudent paſtours in thair places.
My prudent Lords I ſay that pure craftſmen,
Abuſe ſum Prelats ar mair for to commend:
Gar exame them and ſa ze ſall ſune ken,
How thay in vertew Biſchops dois tranſcend.
Scribe. Thy life and craft mak to thir Kings kend,
Quhat craft hes thow declair that to me plaine?
Tail, Ane tailzour ſir that can baith mak and mend,
I wait nane better into Dumbartane.
¶Scri. Quhairfoir of tailzeours beirs thou the ſtyl?
Tailzeour. Becaus I wait is nane within ane myll,
Can better vſe that craft as I ſuppois:
For I can mak baith doublit coat and hois.
Scri. How cal thay zou ſir with the ſchaiping knife?
Sowtar. Ane ſowtar ſir, nane better into Fyfe.
Scribe. Tel me quhairfoir ane ſowtar ze ar namit?
Sowtar. Of that ſurname I neid nocht be aſchamit.
For I can mak ſchone brotekins and buittis,
Gif me the coppie of the Kings cuittis.
And ze ſall ſe richt ſune quhat I can do:
Heir is my laſts and weill wrocht ledder lo.
Counſ. O Lord my God this is an mervelous thing
How ſic miſordour in this Realme ſould ring.
Sowtars and tailzeours thay ar far mair expert
In thair pure craft and in thair handie art,
Nor ar our Prelatis in thair vocatioun:
I pray zow ſirs mak reformatioun.
Verit. Alace, alace, quhat gars thir temporal Kings
Into the Kirk of Chriſt admit ſic doings?
My Lords for luſe of Chriſts paſſioun,
Of thir ignorants mak depriuatioun.

Quhilk in the court can do bot flatter and ſleich,
And put into thair places that can preich.
Send furth and ſeik ſum devoit cunning Clarks,
That can ſteir vp the peopill to gude warks.
Correctioun. As ze haue done Madame I am content,
Hoaw Diligence pas hynd incontinent,
And ſeik out throw all towns and cities:
And viſie all the vniverſities.
Bring vs ſum Doctours of Divinitie,
VVith licents in the law and Theologie.
VVith the maiſt cunning Clarks in all this land,
Speid ſune zour way and bring them heir fra hand.
Diligence. Quhat gif I find ſum halie provinciall?
Or miniſter of the gray freiris all?
Or ony freir that can preich prudentlie,
Sall I bring them with me in cumpanie?
Correction. Cair thou nocht quhat eſtait ſa ever he be,
Sa thay can teich and preich the veritie,
Maiſt cunning Clarks with vs is beſt beluifit,
To dignitie thay ſalbe firſt promuifit,
Quhidder thay be Munk, Channon, Preiſt or Freir,
Sa thay can preich faill nocht to bring them heir.
Diligence. Than fair-weill ſir, for I am at the flicht,
I pray the Lord to ſend zow all gude nicht.

Heir ſall Diligence pas to the palzeoun.

¶ Temporalitie. Sir we beſeik zour ſoverane celſitude,
Of our dochtours to haue compaſſioun:
Quhom wee may na way marie be the Rude,
Without wee mak ſum alienatioun
Of our land for thair ſupportatioun,
For quhy the markit raiſit bene ſa hie
That Prelats dochtours of this natioun,

Ar maryit with ſic ſuperfluitie:
Thay will nocht ſpair to gif twa thowſand pound,
With thair dochtours to ane nobill man:
In riches ſa thay do ſuperabound.
Bot we may nocht do ſa be Sanct Allane,
Thir proud Prelats, our dochters ſair, may ban,
That thay remaine at hame ſa lang vnmaryit:
Schir let zour Barrouns do the beſt thay can,
Sum of our dochtours I dreid ſalbe miſcaryit.
¶ Correct. My Lord zour complaint is richt reſſonabill,
And richt ſa to our dochtours profitabill:
I think or I pas aff this natioun,
Of this mater till mak reformatioun.

Heir ſall enter common thift.

Thift.

¶ Ga by the gait (man) let me gang,
[] How Devill came I into this thrang:
With ſorrow I may ſing my ſang,
And I be taine:
For I haue run baith nicht and day,
Throw ſpeid of fut I gat away,
Gif I be kend heir, wallaway
I will be ſlaine.
Pauper. Quhat is thy name man be thy thrift?
Thift. Huirſun thay call me common thift:
For quhy I had na vther ſchift,
Sen I was borne,
In Euſdaill was my dwelling place,
Mony ane wyfe gart I cry alace:
At my hand thay gat never grace,
Bot ay forlorne.
Sum ſayis ane king is cum amang vs,

That purposis to head and hang vs:
Thair is na grace gif he may fang vs
Bot on an pin.
Ring-he, we theifis will get na gude,
I pray God and the halie Rude,
He had bene smoird into his cude,
And all his kin.
Get this curst King me in his grippis,
My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis:
The Devill I gif his toung and lippis,
That of me tellis:
Adew I dar na langer tarie:
For be I kend thay will me carie,
And put me in ane fierie farie,
I se nocht ellis.
I raise be him that herryit hell,
I had almaist forzet my sell:
Will na gude fallow to me tell,
Quhair I may finde
The Earle of Rothus best haiknay,
That was my earand heir away:
He is richt starck as I heir say
And swift as winde.
Heir is my brydill and my spurris,
To gar him lance ovir land and furris:
Micht I him get to Ewis durris, I tak na cuir:
Of that hors micht I get ane sicht,
I haise na doubt zit or midnicht,
That he and I sould tak the slicht
Throch Dysert mure.
Of cumpanarie tell me brother,
Quhilk is the richt way to the Strother,

I wald

I wald be welcum to my mother,
Gif I micht ſpeid:
I wald gif baith my coat and bonet,
To get my Lord Lindeſay is broun Ionet:
War he bezond the watter of Annet,
We ſould nocht dreid.
Quhat now Oppreſſioun my maiſter deir?
Quhat mekill Devill hes brocht zow heir?
Maiſter tell me the caus perqueir,
Quhat is that ze haue done?
Oppreſſioun.
Forſuith the kingsmaieſtie,
Hes ſet me heir as ze may ſe:
Micht I ſpeik, Temporalitie,
He wald me releiſe ſone.
I beſeik zow my brother deir,
Bot halfe ane houre for to ſit heir:
Ze knaw that I was never ſweir,
Zow to defend:
Put in zour leg into my place,
And heir I ſweir be Gods grace,
Zow to releiſe within ſchort ſpace,
Syne let zow wend.
Thift. Than maiſter deir gif me zour hand,
And mak to me ane faithfull band,
That ze ſall cum agane fra hand
Withoutin faill:
Oppreſſioun. Tak thair my hand richt faithfullie
Als I promit the verelie,
To gif to the ane cuppill of kye
In Liddiſdaill. Thift puts his legs in the ſtocks.
Haif I nocht maid ane honeſt ſchift,
That hes betraſit common Thift?

For thair is nocht vnder the lift,
Ane curſter cors:
I am richt ſure that he and I,
Within this halzeir craftely
Hes ſtolne ane thowſand ſcheip and ky,
By meiris and hors.
Wald God I war baith ſound and haill,
Now liftit into Liddiſdaill
I he Mers ſould find me beif and kaill,
Quhat rak of bread:
War I thair liftit with my lyfe,
The Devill ſould ſtick me with ane knyfe
And ever I come againe to Fyfe,
Quhill I war dead.
Adew I leife the Devill amang zow,
That in his fingers he may fang zow:
With all leill men that dois belang zow,
For I may rew:
That ever I came into this land,
For quhy ze may weill vnderſtand,
I gat na geir to turne my hand:
Zit anis adew.

Heir ſall Diligence conuoy the thrie Clarks.

¶Dilig. Sir, I haue brocht vnto zour Excellence,
Thir famous Clarks of greit intelligence:
For to the common peopill thay can preich,
And in the Scuilis in Latine toung can teich.
This is ane Doctour of Divinitie,
And thir twa Licents men of gravitie.
I heare men ſay thair converſatioun,
Is maiſt in Divine Contemplatioun.

Doctour,

Grace,

Grace, peace and reſt from the hie Trinitie,
Mot reſt amang this godlie cumpanie:
Heir ar we cumde as zour obedients,
For to fulfill zour iuſt commandements.
Quhat euir it pleaſe zour Grace vs to command,
Sir, it ſall be obeyit euin fra-hand.
Rex. Gud freinds ze ar richt welcome to vs all,
Sit doun all thrie and geif vs zout counſall.
¶ Cor. Sir I giue zow baith counſal & cõmand,
In zour office vſe exercitioun:
Firſt that ze gar ſearch out throch all zour land,
Quha can nocht put to executioun
Thair office efter the inſtitutioun,
Of godlie lawis, conforme to thair vocatioun:
Put in thair places men of gude conditioun,
And this ze do without dilatioun.
Ze ar the head ſir of this congregatioun,
Preordinat be God omnipotent:
Quhilk hes me ſend to mak zow ſupportatioun,
Into the quhilk I ſalbe diligent.
And quha ſaever beis inobedient,
And will nocht ſuffer for to be correctit,
Thay ſalbe all depoſit incontinent,
And from zour preſence they ſall be deiectit.
Counſall. Begin firſt at the Spritualitie,
And tak of them examinatioun,
Gif they can vſe their divyne dewetie,
And als I mak zow ſupplicatioun,
All thay that hes thair offices miſvſit,
Of them make haiſtie depriuatioun:
Sa that the peopill be na mair abuſit,

¶ Correctioun. Ze ar ane Prince of Spritualitie.
How haue ze vſit zour office now let ſe?
Spi. My lords quhen was thair ony Prelats wont,
Of thair office till ony King mak count?
Bot of my office gif ze wald haue the feill,
I let zow wit I haue it vſit weill.
For I tak in my count twyſe in the zeir,
Wanting nocht of my teind ane boll of beir.
I gat gude payment of my Temporall lands,
My buttock-maill, my coattis and my offrands,
With all that dois perteine my benefice,
Conſider now my Lord gif I be wyſe.
I dar nocht marie contrair the common law,
Ane thing thair is my Lord that ze may knaw.
Howbeit I dar nocht plainlie ſpouſe ane wyfe,
Zit Concubeins I haue had four or fyfe.
And to my ſons I haue giuin rich rewairds,
And all my dochters maryit vpon lairds.
I let zow wit my Lord I am nâ fuill,
For quhy I ryde vpon ane amland Muill.
Thair is na Temporall Lord in all this land,
That maks ſic cheir I let zow vnderſtand.
And als my Lord I gif with gude intentioun,
To divers Temporall Lords ane zeirlie penſioun
To that intent that thay with all thair hart,
In richt and wrang ſal plainlie tak my part.
Now haue I tauld zow ſir on my beſt ways,
How that I haue exercit my office.
Cor. I weind zour office had bene for til preich,
And Gods law to the peopill teich,
Quhairfoir weir ze that mytour ze me tell?
Spiritu. I wat nocht man be him that herryit hel

Cor-

Cor. That dois betakin that ze with gude intent,
Sould teich & preich the auld & Newteſtament
Spritu. I haue ane freir to preiche into my place,
Of my office ze heare na mair quhill Paſche.
Chaſtitie. My Lords this Abbot and this Priores
Thay ſcorne thair gods, this is my reaſon quhy,
Thay beare an habite of feinzeit halines,
And in thair deid thay do the contrary:
For to liue chaiſt thay vow ſolempitly,
Bot fra that thay be ſikker of thair bowis
Thay liue in huirdome and in harlotry,
Examine them Sir, how thay obſerue thair vowis.
Correctioun. Sir Scribe ze ſall at Chaſtitiés requeiſt
Pas and exame zon thrie in gudlie haiſt.
Scribe. Father Abbot this counſall bids me ſpeir,
How ze haue vſit zour Abbay thay wald heir.
And als thir Kings hes giuin to me commiſſioun,
Of zour office for to mak inquiſitioun.
Abbot. Tuiching my office I ſay to zow plainlie,
My Monks and I, we leif richt eaſelie:
Thair is na Monks from Carrick to Carraill
That fairs better and drinks mair helſum Aill.
My Prior is ane man of great devotioun,
Thairfoir daylie he gets ane double portioun.
Scrib. My Lords how haue ze keipt zour thrie vows
Abbas. I ndeid richt weill till I gat hame my bows.
In my Abbay quhen I was ſure profeſſour,
Then did I leiſe as did my predeceſſour.
My paramours is baith als fat and fair,
As ony wench into the toun of Air.
I ſend my ſons to Pareis to the ſcullis,
I traiſt in God that thay ſalbe na fuillis.

And all my douchters I haue weill providit,
Now iudge ze gif my office be weill gydit.
Scr. Maister Person schaw vs gif ze can preich.
Per. Thocht I preich not I can play at the caiche:
I wait thair is nocht ane amang zow all,
Mair ferilie can play at the fut-ball:
And for the carts the tabils and the dyse,
Aboue all persouns I may beir the pryse.
Our round bonats we mak them now four nuickit
Of richt fyne stuiff gif zow list cum and luikit.
Of my office I haue declarit to the,
Speir quhat ze pleis, ze get na mair of me.
Scribe. Quhat say ze now my Ladie Priores?
How haue ze vsit zour office can ze ges?
Quhat was the caus ze refusit harbrie?
To this zoung lustie Ladie Chastitie.
Prio. I wald haue harborit hir with gude intent,
Bot my complexioun thairto wald not assent:
I do my office efter auld vse and wount,
To zour Parliament I will mak na mair count.
Veritie. Now caus sum of zour cunning Clarks
Quhilk ar expert in heavinlie warks,
And men fulfillit with charitie
That can weill preiche the veritie,
And gif to sum of them command
Ane sermon for to make fra-hand.
Correction. As ze haue said I am content,
To gar sum preich incontinent. *Pausa.*
Magister noster I ken how ze can teiche,
Into the scuillis and that richt ornatlie:
I pray zow now that ze wald please to preiche,
In Inglisch toung, land folk to edifie.

Doctour

Doctour. Soverane I ſall obey zow humbillie,
With ane ſchort ſermon preſentlie in this place:
And ſchaw the word of God vnfeinzeitlie,
And ſinceirlie as God will giue me grace.

Heir ſall the Doctour pas to the pulpit and ſay.

Si vis ad vitam ingredi ſerva mandata,

Devoit peopill Sanct Paull the preichour ſayis,
The fervent luiſe and fatherlie pitie,
Quhilk God almichtie hes ſchawin mony wayis
To man in his corrupt fragilitie,
Exceids all luiſe in earth, ſa far that we
May never to God mak recompence conding
As quha ſa liſts to reid the veritie,
In halie Scripture he may find this thing.

Sic Deus dilexit mundum.

Tuiching nathing the great prerogatiue,
Quhilk God to man in his creatioun lent:
How man of nocht creat ſuperlatiue
Was to the Image of God omnipotent
Let vs conſider that ſpeciall luiſe ingent,
God had to man quhen our foir-father fell,
Drawing vs all in his loynis immanent,
Captive from gloir in thirlage to the hel.
Quhen Angels fell, thair miſerabil ruyne
Was never reſtorit: bot for our miſerie,
The Sun of God ſecund perſone divyne,
In ane pure Virgin tuke humanitie:
Syne for our ſaik great harmis ſuffered he
In faſting, walking, in preiching, cauld and heit,
And at the laſt ane ſchamefull death deit he,
Betwix twa theifis on Croce he zeild the Spreit:
And quhair an drop of his maiſt precious blude

Was recompence ſufficient and conding,
Ane thowſand warldis to ranſoun from that wod
Infernall feind, Sathan, notwithſtanding
He luifit vs ſa, that for ranſoning,
He ſched furth all the blude of his bodie,
Riven rent and ſair wondit quhair he did hing,
Naild on the Croce on the Mont Calvary.

Et copioſa apud eum redemptio.

O cruell death, be the the venemous
Dragon the Devill infernall loſt his pray:
Be the the ſtinkand, mirk, contageous,
Deip pit of hell mankynd eſcaipit fray.
Be the the port of Paradice alſway
Was patent maid vnto the heavin ſa hie:
Opinnit to man and maid ane reddie way,
To gloir eternall with th'haly Trinitie.
And zit for all thisluiſe incomporabill,
God askis na rewaird fra vs againe
Bot luiſe for luiſe: in his command but fabill,
Conteinit all haill the lawis ten:
Baith ald and new and commandiments evirilk ane
Luiſe bene the ledder quhilk hes bot ſteppis twa:
Be quhilk we may clim vp to lyfe againe,
Out of this vaill of miſerie and wa.

Diliges Dominum Deum tuum ex toto corde tuo & proximum tuum ſicut teipſum in his duobus mandatis. &c.

The firſt ſtep ſuithlie of this ledder is,
To luiſe thy God as the fontaine and well
Of luiſe and grace: and the ſecund I wis,
To luiſe thy nichtbour as thou luifis the ſell,
Quha tynis ane ſtop of thir twa gais to hel,
Bot he repent and turne to Chriſt anone,

Hauld

Hauld this na fabill, the halie Evangell
Bears in effect thir words everie on.
Si vis ad vitam ingredi serva mandata Dei.
Thay tyne thir ſteps all thay quha ever did ſin,
In pryde, invy, in ire and lecherie:
In covetice or ony extreme win,
Into ſweirnes or into gluttonie.
Or quha dois nocht the deids of mercie,
Gif hungrie meit and gif the naikit clayis.
Perſ. Now walloway thinks thou na ſchame to lie?
I trow the Devill a word is trew thou ſayis:
Thou ſayis thair is bot twa ſteppis to the heavin
Quha failzeis them man backwarts fall in hell,
I wait it is ten thowſand myllis and ſevin
Gif it be na mair, I do it vpon thy ſell.
Schort leggit men I ſe be Brydsbell,
Will nevir cum thair, thay ſteppis bene ſa wyde
Gif thay be the words of the Evangell,
The Spirituall men hes miſter of ane gyde.
Abbot. And I beleif that cruikit men and blinde,
Sall neuer get vp vpon ſa hich ane ledder:
By my gude faith I dreid to ly behinde,
Without God draw me vp into ane tedder.
Quhat and I fal, than I will break my bledder:
And I cum thair this day the Devill ſpeid me:
Except God make me lichter nor ane fedder,
Or ſend me doun gude Widcok wingis to flie.
Perſone. Cum doun daſtart and gang ſell draiff,
I vnderſtand nocht quhat thow ſaid.
Thy words war nather corne nor caiiff,
I wald thy toung againe war laide.
Quhair thou ſayis pryde is deidlie ſin,

I say pryde is bot honestie.
And Covetice of warldlie win
Is bot wisdome, I say for me.
Ire, hardines and gluttonie,
Is nathing ellis but lyfis fude:
The naturall sin of lecherie
Is bot trew luife, all thir ar gude.
Doctor. God and the Kirk hes giuin command,
That all gude Christian men refuse them:
Persone. Bot war thay sin I vnderstand,
We men of Kirk wald never vse them.
Doctour. Brother I pray the Trinitie,
Zour faith and charitie to support:
Causand zow knaw the veritie,
That ze zour subiects may comfort.
To zour prayers (peopill) I recommend,
The rewlars of this nobill regioun:
That our Lord God his grace mot to them send,
On tresspassours to mak punitioun.
Prayand to God from feinds zow defend,
And of zour sins to gif zow full remissioun:
I say na mair, to God I zow commend.

Heir Diligence spyis the freir roundand to the Prelate.

¶ Dili. My lords, I persaue that the Spirituall staitis
Be way of deid purpois to mak debait:
For be the counsall of zon flattrand freir,
Thay purpois to mak all this toun on steir.

First Licent.

Traist ze that thay wilbe inobedient,
To that quhilk is decreitit in Parliament?
Diligen. Thay se the Paip with awfull ordinance
Makis weir against the michtie King of France:

Richt

Richt ſa thay think that prelats ſuld nocht ſunzie
Be way of deid defend thair patrimonie.
Firſt Lice. I pray the brother gar me vnderſtand,
Quhair ever Chriſt poſſeſſit ane fut of land.
Diligence. Zea that he did father withoutin fail,
For Chriſt Ieſus was King of Iſraell.
Fir. Li. I grant that chriſt was king abuſe al kings
Bot he mellit never with temporall things:
As he hes plainlie done declair him ſell,
As thou may reid in his halie Evangell.
Birds hes thair neſts, and tods hes thair den,
Bot Chriſt Ieſus the Saviour of men
In all this warld hes nocht ane penny braid,
Quhair on he may repois his heavinlie head.
Diligence. And is that trew?.....
Zes brother be Alhallows:
Chriſt Ieſus had na propertie bot the gallows.
And left not quhen he zeildit vp the Spreit,
To by himſelf ane ſimpill winding ſcheit.
Diligence. Chriſts ſucceſſours I vnderſtand,
Thinks na ſchame to haue temporall land.
Father thay haue na will I zow aſſure,
In this warld to be indigent and pure:
Bot ſir ſen zé ar callit ſapient,
Declair to me the caus with trew inteht
Quhy that my luſtie Ladie Veritie,
Hes nocht bene weill treatit in this cuntrie?

Batcheler.

¶Forſuith quhair Prelats vſes the counſall
Of beggand freirs in monie regioun,
And thay Prelats with Princes principall,
The veritie but doubt is trampit doun.

And Common-weill put to confusioun.
Gif this be trew to zow I me report
Thairfoir my Lords mak reformatioun,
Orze depairt hairlie I zow exhort:
Sirs, freirs wald never I zow assure,
That ony Prelats vsit preiching:
And Prelats tuke on them that cure,
Freirs wald get nathing for thair fleiching.
¶ Thairfoir I counsall zow fra hand,
Banische zon freir out of this land,
And that incontinent.
Do ze nocht sa withoutin weir,
He will mak all this toun on steir,
I knaw his fals intent.
Zon Priores withoutin fabill,
I think scho is nocht profitabill,
For Christis regioun.
To begin reformatioun,
Mak of them deprivatioun,
This is my opinioun.
First Serge. Sir pleis ze that we twa invaird them,
And ze sall se vs sone degraid them,
Of coill and chaplarie?
Correctioun. Pas on I am richt weill content,
Syne banische them incontinent
Out of this cuntrie.
First Sergeant. Cum on sir freir and be nocht fleyit,
The King our maister mon be obeyit,
Bot ze sall haue na harme:
Gif ze wald traell fra toun to toun,
I think this hude and habbie-goun
Will hald zour wambe ovir warme,

Flattrie

Flat Freir. Now quhat is this thatthir monſter meins?
I am exemptit fra Kings and Queens,
And fra all humane law:
Secund Sergeant. Tak ze the hude and I the gown,
This limmer luiks als lyke ane lown,
As any that ever I ſaw.
First Sergeant. Thir freirs to chaip punitioun,
Haulds them at their exemptioun,
And na man will obey:
Thay ar exempt I zow aſſure,
Baith fra Paip, kyng and Empreour,
And that maks all the pley.
¶Secund Sergeant. On Dumiſday quhen Chriſt ſall ſay
Venite benedicti:
The Freirs will ſay without delay
Nos ſumus exempti.
Heir ſall thay ſpoilze Flattrie of the Freirs habite.
Gude-counſell. Sir be the halie Trinitie,
This ſame is feinzeit Flattrie,
Iken him be his face:
Beleiuand for to get promotioun,
He ſaid that his name was Devotioun,
And ſa begylit zour grace,
¶First Sergeant. Cum on my Ladie Priores,
We ſall leir zow to dance:
And that within ane lytill ſpace,
Ane new Pavin of France.
Heir ſall thay ſpoilze Priores and ſcho ſall haue ane kirtill of ſilk vnder hir habite.
Now brother be the Maſſe,
Be my iudgement I think
This halie Priores

Is turnit in ane cowclink.
¶Priores. I gif my freinds my malisoun,
That me compellit to be ane Nun
And wald nocht let me marie:
It was my freinds greadines,
That gart me be ane Priores,
Now hartlie them I warie.
Howbeit that Nunnis sing nichts and dayis,
Thair hart waitis nocht quhat thair mouth sayis
The suith I zow declair:
Makand zow intimatioun,
To Christis congregatioun,
Nunnis ar nocht necessair:
Bot I sall do the best I can,
And marie sum gude honest man,
And brew gude aill and tun:
Mariage be my opinioun,
It is better Religoun,
As to be freir or Nun.
Flat. fre. My Lords for Gods saik let not hang me
Howbeit that widdiefows wald wrang me
I can mak na debait:
To win my meat at pleuch nor harrowis,
Bot I sall help to hang my marrowis,
Baith Falset and Dissait.
Correct. Than pas thy way & greath the gallous
Syne help for to hang vp thy fellowis,
Thou gets na vther grace:
Of that office I am content,
Bot our Prelates I dread repent,
Be I fleimde from thair face.
Heir sall Flattrie sit besyde his marrowis.

Dissait.

Diſſait. Now Flattrie my auld companzeoun,
Quhat dois zon King Correctioun?
Knawis thou nocht his intent?
Declair to vs of thy novellis:
Flat. Ze'ile all be hangit, I ſe nocht ellis,
And that incontinent.
Diſſait. Now walloway will ze gar hang vs?
The Devill brocht zon curſt king amang vs,
For mekill ſturt and ſtryfe:
Flattrie. I had bene put to deid amang zow,
War nocht, I tuke on hand till hang zow,
And ſa I ſaifit my lyfe.
I heit them ſay thay will cry doun,
All freirs and Nunnis in this Regioun,
Sa far as I cán feill:
Becaus thay ar nocht neceſſair,
And als thay think thay ar contrair,
To Iohne the common-weill.
Heir ſal the Kings and the temporal ſtait round togider.

Correct. With the advice of King Humanitie,
Heir I determine with rype advyſement,
That all thir Prelats ſall deprivit be,
And be decreit of this preſent Paliament,
That thir thrie cunning Clarks ſapient
Immediatlie thair places ſall poſſes:
Becaus that thay haue bene ſa negligent,
Suffring the word of God for till decres.
¶ Rex Hu. As ze haue ſaid but dout it ſalbe done,
Pas to and mak this interchainging ſone.
The Kings ſervants lay hands on the thrie prelats & ſays.

Wanton. My Lords we pray zow to be patient,
For we will do the Kings commandement.

Spritualitie, I mak ane vow to God and ze vs handill,
Ze ſallbe curſt and gragit with buik and candill:
Syne we ſall pas vnto the Paip and pleinzie,
And to the Devill of hell condemne this meinie.
Por quhy ſic reformationn as I weine
Into Scotland was never hard nor ſeine.

Heir ſal thay ſpuilze them with ſilence and put thair habite on the thrie Clarks.

Merchant. We mervell of zow paintit ſepulturis,
That was ſa bauld for to accept ſic cuiris.
VVith glorious habite rydand vpon zour Muillis,
Now men may ſeze ar bot verie fuillis.
Sprituali. We ſay the Kings war greiter fuillis nor we
That vs promovit to ſa greit dignitie.
Abbot. Thair is ane thowſand in the kirk but doubt,
Sic fuillis as we gif thay war weill ſocht out,
Now brother ſen it may na better be,
Let vs ga ſoup with Senſualitie.

Heir ſall thay pas to Senſualitie.

Spritua. Madame I pray zow mak vs thrie gude cheir,
We cure nocht to remaine with zow all zeir.
Senſualitie. Pas fra vs fuillis be him that hes vs wrocht
Ze ludge nocht heir, becaus I knaw zow nocht.
Spritualitie. Sir Covetice will ze alſo misken me?
I wait richt weill ze wil baith gif and len me:
Speid hand my freind ſpair nocht to break the lockis,
Gif me ane thowſand crouns out of my box.
Covetice. Quhairfoir ſir fuil gif zow ane thowſand
Ga hence ze ſeime to be thrie verie lowns. (crowns?
Spritualitie. I ſe nocht els brother without in faill,
Bot this fals warld is turnit top quir taill:
Scnall is vaine that is vnder the lift,

To

To win our meat we man make vther ſchift,
With our labour except we mak debait,
I dreid full ſair we want baith drink and meat.
Perſone. Gif with our labour we man vs defend,
Then let vs gang quhair we war never kend.
Spritualitie. I wyte thir freirs that I am thus abuſit,
For by thair counſall I haue bene confuſit.
Thay gart me trow it ſuffyſit allace,
To gar them plainlie preich into my place.
Abbot. Allace, this reformatioun I may warie,
For I haue zit twa dochters for to marie:
And thay ar baith contractit be the Rude,
And waits nocht how to pay thair tocher-gude.
Perſ. The Devill mak cair for this vnhappie chance,
For I am zoung and thinks to pas to France.
And tak wages amang the men of weir,
And win my living with my ſword and ſpeir.

The Biſchop, Abbot, perſone, and Priores depairts altogidder.

Gude-counſall. Or ze depairt ſir aff this Regioun,
Gif Iohne the Common-weill ane gay garmoun:
Becaus the Common-weill hes bene overluikit,
That is the caus that Common-weill is cruikit.
With ſingular profeit he hes bene ſa ſuppryſit,
That he is baith cauld, naikit and diſgyſit.
Correctioun. As ze haue ſaid father I am content,
Sergeants gif Iohne ane new abuilzement.
Of Sating, Damais or of the Velvot fyne,
And gif him place in our Parliament ſyne.

Heir ſal thay cleith Iohne the common-weil gorgeouſlie and ſet him doun amang them in the Parliament.

¶ All verteous peopil now may be reioiſit,
Sen Common-weill hes gottin ane gay garmoun:

And ignorants out of the Kirk depoſit,
Devoit Doctours and Clarks of renoun
Now in the Kirk ſall haue dominioun:
And Gude-counſall with Ladie Veritie
Ar proteſt with our kings Maieſtie.
Bliſt is that Realme that hes ane prudent King,
Quhilk dois delyte to heir the veritie,
Puniſching thame that plainlie dois maling,
Contrair the Common-weill and equitie.
Thair may na peopill haue proſperitie,
Quhair ignorance hes the dominioun,
And cõmon-weil be tirants trampit doun. *Pauſa.*
Now maiſters ze ſall heir incontinent,
At great leyſour in zour preſence proclamit
The Nobill Acts of our Parliament,
Of quhilks we neid nocht for to be aſchamit:
Cum heir trumpet & ſound zour warning tone
That every man may knaw quhat we haue done.

Heir ſall Diligence with the Scribe and the trumpet pas to the pulpit and proclame the Actis.

The firſt Act.

IT is devyſit be thir prudent Kings,
Correctioun and King Humanitie,
That thair Leigis induring all thair Ringis,
With the avyce of the eſtaits thrie
Sall manfullie defend and fortifie
The Kirk of Chriſt and his Religioun,
Without diſſimulance or hypocriſie:
Vnder the paine of thair punitioun.

2. Als thay will that the Acts honorabill,
Maid be our Prince in the laſt Parliament,
Becaus thay ar baith gude and profitabill,

Thay

Thay willl that everie man be diligent
Them till obſerve with vnfeinzeit intent.
Quha diſobeyis inobedientlie
Be thair lawis but doubt thay ſall repent,
And painis conteinit thairin ſall vnderly.
3. And als the Common-weil for til advance,
It is ſtatute that all the Temporall lands,
Be ſet in few, efter the forme of France
Til verteous men that labours with thair handis
Reſonabillie reſtrictit with ſic bands,
That thay do ſervice nevertheles
And to beſubiect ay vnder the wands:
That riches may with policie incres.
4. Item this prudent Parliament hes devyſit,
Gif Lords halds vnder thair dominioun
Theifis, quhair throch puir peopil bein ſuppriſit:
For them thay ſall make anſweir to the croun,
And to the pure mak reſtitutioun:
Without thay put them in the iudges hands:
For thair default to ſuffer punitioun,
Sa that na theifis remaine within thair lands.
5. To that intent that Iuſtice ſould incres
It is concludit in this Parliament,
That into Elgin & into Innerneſſe
Sall be ane ſute of Clarks ſapient,
Togidder with ane prudent Precident
To do iuſtice in all the Norther Airtis,
Sa equallie without impediment,
That thay neid nocht ſeik iuſtice in thir pairts.
6. With licence of the Kirks halines,
That iuſtice may be done continuallie,
All the maters of Scotland mair and les,

To thir twa famous saits perpetuallie
Salbe directit, becaus men seis plainlie,
Thir wantoun Nunnis ar na way necessair,
Till Common-weill nor zit to the glorie
Of Christs Kirk, thocht thay be fat and fair,
And als that fragill ordour feminine,
Will nocht be missit in Christs Religioun,
Thair rents vsit till ane better fyne:
For Common-weill of all this Regioun.
Ilk Senature for that erectioun,
For the vphalding of thair gravitie
Sall haue fyue hundreth mark of pensioun.
And also bot twa sall thair nummer be
Into the North saxteine sall thair remaine,
Saxtein rycht sa in our maist famous toun
Of Edinburgh to serve our Soveraine:
Chosen without partiall affectioun
Of the maist cunning Clarks of this Regioun:
Thair Chancellar chosen of ane famous Clark,
Ane cunning man of great perfectioun,
And for his pensioun haue ane thowsand mark.

7. It is devysit in this Parliament,
From this day furth na mater Temporall
(Our new Prelats thairto hes done consent)
Cum befoir Iudges consistoriall,
Quhilk hes bene sa prolixt and partiall:
To the great hurt of the communitie:
Let Temporall men seik Iudges Temporall,
And Spirituall men to Spritualitie.

8. Na benefice beis giffin in tyme cumming,
Bot to men of gude eruditioun:
Expert in the halie Scripture and cunning,

And

And that thay be of gude conditioun:
Of publick vices but ſuſpitioun,
And qualefiet richt prudentlie to preich,
To thair awin folk baith into land and toun
Or ellis in famous ſcuillis for to teich:
Als becaus of the great pluralitie
Of ignorant Preiſts ma then ane Legioun.
Quhair throch of Teicheouris the heich dignitie,
Is vilipendit in ilk Regioun,
Thairfoir our Court hes maid proviſioun,
That na Biſhops mak teichours in tyme cumming:
Except men of gude eruditioun,
And for Preiſtheid qualefeit and cunning,
Sicklyke as ze ſe in the borrows toun
Ane Tailzeour is nocht ſufferit to remaine,
Without he can mak doublet, coat and gown,
He man gang till his prenteiſchip againe:
Biſchops ſould nocht reſſaue (me think certaine,)
Into the Kirk except ane cunning Clark:
Ane idiot preiſt Eſay compaireth plaine,
Till ane dum dogge that can nocht byte nor bark.

10. From this day furth ſe na Prelats pretend,
Vnder the paine of inobedience
At Prince or Paip, to purchaſe ane command
Againe the kow, becaus it dois offence:
Till ony Preiſt we think ſufficience
And benefice for to ſerve God withall,
Twa Prelats ſall na man haue from thence,
Without that he be of the blude Royall.

11. Item this prudent counſall hes concludit,
Sa that our haly Vickars be nocht wraith
From this day furth thay ſalbe cleane denudit

Baith of corſpreſent cow and vmeſt claith:
To pure commons becaus it hath done skaith
And mairouer we think it lytill force,
Howbeit the Barrouns thairto will be laith,
From thine-furth thay ſall want thair hyrald hors.

12. It is decreit that in this Parliament
Ilk Biſchop, Miniſter, Priour and Perſoun,
To the effect thay may tak better tent
To ſaulis vnder thair dominioun,
Efter the forme of thair fundatioun,
Ilk Biſchop in his Dioſie ſall remaine:
And everilk Perſone in his parachoun,
Teiching thair folk from vices to refraine.

13. Becaus that clarks our ſubſtance dois cõſume
For bils and proces of thair prelacies:
Thairfoir thair ſall na money ga to Rome
From this day furth or any benefice:
Bot gif it be for greit Archbiſchopries,
As for the reſt na money gais at all:
For the increſſing of thair dignities,
Na mair nor did to Peter nor to Paull.

14. Conſidering yat our Preiſts for the maiſt part
Thay want the gift of Chaſtitie weſe:
Cupido hes ſa perſt them throch the hart,
We grant them licence and frie libertie,
That thay may haue fair Virgins to thair wyfis:
And ſa keip matrimoniall Chaſtitie,
And nocht in huirdome for to leid thair lyfis.

15. This Parliament richt ſa hes done conclude
From this day forth our Barrouns temporall,
Sall na mair mix thair nobil ancient blude
With baſtard bairns of Stait Spirituall:

Ilk

Ilk ſtait amang thair awin ſelfis marie ſall,
Gif Nobils marie with the Spritualitie,
From thyne ſubiect thay ſalbe, and all
Sal be degraithit of thair Nobilitie.
And from amang the Nobils cancellit:
Vnto the tyme thay by thair libertie,
Rehabilit be the ciuill magiſtrate
And ſa ſall marie the Spiritualitie,
Bichops with biſchops ſall mak affinitie,
Abbots and Priors with the Priores:
As Biſchop Annas in Scripture we may ſe,
Maryit his dochter on Biſchop Caiphas.
¶Now haue ze heard the Acts honorabill,
Devyſit in this preſent Parliament,
To Common-weill we think agreabill:
All faithfull folk ſould heirof be content,
Them till obſerve with hartlie trew intent,
I wait nane will againſt our Acts rebell,
Nor till our law be inobedient,
Bot Plutois band the potent prince of hell.

Heir ſall Pauper cum befoir the King and ſay.

¶Pauper, I gif zow my braid benneſoun,
That hes givin Co mmon-weill a g un:
I wald nocht for ane pair of plackis,
Ze had nocht maid this nobill Actis.
I pray to God and ſweit Sanct Geill,
To gif zow grace to vſe them weill:
Wer thay weill keipit I vnderſtand,
It war great honour to Scotland.
It had bene als gude ze had ſleipit,
As to mak acts and be nocht keipit:
Bot I beſeik zow for Alhallows,

To heid Diſſait and hang his fellows.
And baniſche Flattrie aff the toun,
For thair was never ſic ane loun.
That beand done I hauld it beſt,
That everie man ga to his reſt.
Correctioun. As thou hes ſaid it ſalbe done,
Suyith Sergeants hang zon ſwingeours ſone.

Heir ſal the Sergeants lous the preſoners out of the and ſtocks leid them the to gallows.

Frſt Ser. Cum heir ſir Theif, cum heir, cum heir
Quhen wa ze wont to be ſa ſweir?
To hunt Cattell ze war ay ſpeidie
Thairfoir ze ſall weaue in ane widdie.
Thift. Man I be hangit allace, allace,
Is thair nane heir may get me grace?
Zit or I die gif me ane drink.
First Sergeant. Fy huirſun carle I feil ane ſtink.
Thift. Thocht I wald nocht that it wittin
Sir in gude faith I am bedirtin:
To wit the veritie gif ze pleis
Louſe doun my hois, put in zour neis.
First Segeant. Thou art ane limmer I ſtand ſoird
Slip in thy head into this coird:
For thou had never ane meiter tippit,
Thift. Allace this is ane fellon rippit.
The widdifow wairdanis tuke my geir,
And left me nether hors nor meir:
Nor earthlie gude that me belangit,
Now walloway I man be hangit.
¶ Repent zour lyfis, ze plaine oppreſſours,
All ze miſdoars and tranſgreſſours:
Or ellis gar chuſe zow gude confeſſours,

And

And mak zow forde:
For gif ze tarie in this land,
And cum vnder Correctiouns hand:
Zour grace ſalbe I vnderſtand,
Ane gude ſcharp coird. † a halter
¶ Adew my bretheren common theifis,
That helpit me in my miſcheifis.
Adew Groſars, Nickſons and Bellis
Oft haue we run out-thoart the fellis. fields.
Adew Robſonis, Hanes and Pyllilis
That in our craft hes mony wyllis.
Lytils Trumbels and Armeſtrangs,
Adew all theifis that me belangs.
Tailzeours, Curwings and Elwards,
Speidie of fut and wicht of hands.
The Scottis of Ewiſdaill and the Graimis
I haue na tyme to tell zour namis:
With King Correctioun and ze be fangit, taken.
Beleif richt weill ze wilbe hangit.
Fi. Serg. Speid hand-manwiththy clitter clatter. † hang-man.
Thift. For Gods ſaik ſir let me mak watter.
Howbeit I haue bene cattel-gredie
It ſchamis to piſche into ane widdie. † a halter or rapine.
Heir ſal Thift be drwin vp, or his figour.
Secu. Serge. Cum heir Diſſait my companzeoun
Saw ever ane man lyker ane loun?
To hing vpon ane gallows:
Diſſait. This is aneuch to make me mangit, mad.
Duill fell me, that I man be hangit,
Let me ſpeik with my fallows.
¶ I trow wan-fortune brocht me heir
Quhat mekill feind maid me ſa ſpeidie?

Sen it was ſaid it is ſevin zeir,
That I ſould weaue into ane widdie.
I leirit my maiſters to be gredie,
Adew, for I ſe na remeid:
Luke quhat it is to be evil-deidie.
Secund Sergeant. Now in this halter ſlip thy hand,
Stand ſtill, me think ze draw aback:
Diſſait. Allace maiſter ze hurt my crag,
Secund Sergeant. It will hurt better I woid an plak,
Richt now quhen ze hing on ane knag.
¶ Diſſait. Adew my maiſters merchant men,
I haue zow ſervit as ze ken:
Truelie baith air and lait:
I ſay to zow for concluſioun,
I dreid ze gang to confuſioun,
Fra tyme ze want Diſſait.
I leirit zow merchants mony ane wyle,
Vpalands wyfis for to begyle,
Vpon ane markit day:
And gar them trow zour ſtuffe was gude,
Quhen it was rottin be the Rude,
And ſweir it was nocht ſway.
I was ay roundand in zour ear,
And leirit zow for to ban and ſweir,
Quhat zour geir coſt in France:
Howbeit the Devill ane word was trew,
Zour craft gif King Correctioun knew,
Wald turne zow to miſchance.
I leirit zow wyllis many fauld,
To mix the new wyne and the auld,
That faſchioun was na follie:
To ſell richt deir and by gude-chaip,

And

And mix Ry-meill amang the ſaip,
And Saiffrone with Oyl-dolie.
Forzet nocht ocker I counſall zow,
Mair then the vicker dois the kow,
Or Lords thair doubill maill:
Howbeit zour elwand be too skant,
Or zour pound wecht thrie vnces want,
Think that bot lytill faill.
Adew the greit Clan Iameſone,
The blude Royal of Clappertoun,
I was ay to zow trew:
Baith Anderſone and Paterſone,
Above them all Thome Williamſone,
My abſence ze will rew.
Thome Williamſone it is zour pairt,
To pray for me with all zour hairt,
And think vpon my warks:
How I leirit zow ane gude leſſoun,
For to begyle in Edinburgh toun,
The Biſchop and his Clarks.
Ze zoung merchants may cry allace,
For wanting of zour wonted grace,
Zon curſt King ze may ban:
Had I leifit bot halfe ane zeir
I ſould haue leirit zow crafts perqueir,
To begyle wyfe and man.
How may ze merchants mak debait?
Fra tyme ze want zour man Diſſait,
For zow I mak great cair:
Without I ryſe fra deid to lyfe,
I wait weill ze will neverthryfe,
Farther nor the fourth air.

Heir sal Dissait be drawin vp or ellis his figure.

First Ser. Cum heir Falset & mence the gallows,
Ze man hing vp amang zour fallows,
For zour cankart conditioun:
Monie ane trew man haue ze wragit,
Thairfoir but doubt ze salbe hangit,
But mercie or remissioun.
Falset. Allace, man I be hangit to?
Quhat mekill Devil is this ado?
How came I to this cummer?
My gude maisters ze crafts men,
Want ze Falset full weill I ken,
Ze will all die for hunger.
Ze men of craft may cry allace,
Quhen ze want me ze want zour grace:
Thairfoir put into wryte:
My lessouns that I did zow leir,
Howbeit the commons eyne ze bleir,
Count ze nocht that ane myte.
Find me ane Wobster that is leill,
Or ane Walker that will nocht steill,
Thair craftines I ken:
Or ane Millair, that is na falt,
That will nather steill meall nor malt,
Hauld them for halie men,
At our flesehers tak ze na greise,
Thocht thay blaw leane mutton and beise,
That thay seime fat and fair;
Thay think that practick bot ane mow,
Howbeit the Devill a thing it dow,
To thame I leirit that lair.
I leirit Tailzeours in everie toun,

To

To ſchaip fyue quarters in ane goun,
In Angus and in Fyfe:
To vplands Tailzeours I gaue gude leiſe,
To ſteill ane ſillie ſtump or ſteife,
Vnto kittok his wyfe.
My gude maiſter Andro Fortoun,
Of Tailzeours that may weir the croun,
For me he will be mangit:
Tailzeour Baberage my ſone and air,
I wait for me will rudlie rair,
Fra tyme he ſe me hangit.
The barfit Deacon Iamie Ralfe,
Quha never zit bocht kow nor calfe,
Becaus he cannocht ſteall:
Willie Cadzeoch will make na plead,
Howbeit his wyfe want beife and bread,
Get he gude barmie aill.
To the brouſters of Cowper toun,
I leiſe my braidblack maleſoun,
Als hartlie as I may:
To make thinne aill thay think na ſalt,
Of mekill barme and lytill malt,
Agane the market day.
And thay can mak withoutin doubt,
Ane kynde of aill thay call Harnſ-out,
Wait ze how thay mak that?
Ane curtill queine ane laidlie lurdane,
Of ſtrang weiche ſcho will tak ane iurdane,
And ſettis in the gyle-fat.
Quha drinks of that aill, man or page
It will gar all his harnis rage,
That iurdane I may rew:

It gart my heid rin hiddie giddie,
Sirs God nor I die in ane widdie,
Gif this taill be nocht trew.
Speir at the Sowtar Geordie Sillie,
Fra tyme that he had fild his bellie,
With this vnhelthsum aill:
Than all the Baxters will I ban,
That mixes bread with dust and bran,
And fyne flour with beir maill.
Adew my maisters Wrichts and Maissouns,
I haue neid to leir zow few lessouns,
Ze knaw my craft perqueir:
Adew blak-Smythis and Lorimers,
Adew ze craftie Cordiners,
That sellis the schone over deir:
Gold Smythis fair-weill aboue them all,
Remember my memoriall,
With mony ane sittill cast:
To mix set ze nocht by twa preinis
Fyne Ducat gold with hard Gudlingis,
Lyke as I leirnit zow last.
Quhen I was ludgit vpaland,
The Schiphirds maid with me ane band,
Richt craftelie to steill:
Than did I gif ane confirmatioun,
To all the Schiphirdis of this Natioun,
That thay sould never be leill.
And ilk ane to reset ane vther,
Iknaw fals Schiphirds fyftie fidder,
War thair canteleinis kend:
How thay mak in thair conventiouns,
On montans far fra ony touns,

God

To let them never mend.
Amang crafts men it is ane wonder,
To find ten leill amang ane hunder
The treuth I to zow tell:
Adew I may na langer tarie,
I man pas to the King of Farie,
Or ellis the rycht to hell.
Heir sall he luke vp to his fallows hingand.
Wais me for the gude common thift,
Was never man maid ane mair honeſt ſchift,
His leifing for to win:
Thair was nocht ane in all Lidſdaill,
That ky mair craftelie culd ſtaill,
Quhair thou hings on that pin,
Sathan reſſaue thy ſaull Diſſait,
Thou was to me ane faithfull mait,
And als my father brother:
Duill fell the ſillie merchant men,
To mak them ſervice weill I ken,
Thaill never get ſic ane vther.
Heir ſall thay feſtin the coard to his neck with ane dum countenance thairefter he ſall ſay.
Gif any man liſt for to be my mait,
Cum follow me for I am at the gait:
Cum follow me all catyfe covetous Kings,
Reauers but richt of vthers Realmis and Rings.
Togidder with all wrangous conquerours,
And bring with zow all publick oppreſſours,
With Pharao King of Egiptians
With him in hell ſalbe zour recompence.
All cruell ſchedders of bludg innocent,
Cum follow me or ellis rin and repent,
Prelats that hes ma benefeits nor thrie,

And will nocht teich nor preiche the veritie:
Without at God in tyme thay cry for grace,
In hiddeous hell I ſall prepair thair place.
Cum follow me all fals corruptit Iudges,
With Pontius Pilat I ſall prepair zour Iudges
All ze officials that parts men with thair wyfis,
Cum follow me or els gang mend zour lyfis:
With all fals leiders of the conſtrie law,
With wanton Scribs and Clarks intill ane raw.
That to the puir maks mony partiall traine,
Syne *hodie ad octo* bids them cum againe.
And ze that taks rewairds at baith the hands,
Ze ſall with me be bund in Baliels bands.
Cum follow me all curſt vnhappie wyfis,
That with zour gudemen dayly flytis and ſtryfis,
And quyetlie with rybalds makes repair,
And taks na cure to make ane wrangous air.
Ze ſal in hell rewairdit be I wein,
With Ieſabell of Iſraell the Queene,
I haue ane curſt vnhappie wyfe my ſell,
Wald God ſcho war befoir me into hell:
That Biſmair warſcho thair withoutin doubt,
Out of hell the Devill ſcho wald ding out.
Ze maryit men evin as ze luiſe zour lyfis,
Let never preiſts be hamelie with zour lyfis.
My wyfe with preiſts ſho doith me greit onricht
And maid me nine tymes cuckald on ane nicht.
Fairweil for I am to the widdie wend,
For [illegible] falſet maid never ane better end.

Heir [illegible] heiſit vp, and not his figure and an Craw or ane Ke ſalbe caſtin vp as it war his ſaull.

Flattrie

¶Flattrie. Haue I nocht chaipit the widdie weil?
Zea that I haue haue be sweit Sanct Geill,
For I had nocht bene wrangit:
Becaus I servit be Alhallows,
Till haue bene merchellit amang my fellowis:
And heich aboue them hangit.
I maid far ma falts nor my maits,
I begylde all the thrie estaits,
With my hypocrisie:
Quhen I had on my freirs hude,
All men beleifit that I was gude,
Now iudge ze gif I be.
Tak mean rackles rubyatour,
Ane theif ane tyrane or ane tratour,
Of everie vyce the plant,
Gif him the habite of ane freir,
The wyfis will trow withoutin weir,
He be ane verie Saint,
I knaw that cowle ane skaplarie,
Genners mair hait nor charitie,
Thocht thay be blak or blew:
Quhat halines is thair within,
Ane wolfe cled in ane wedders skin,
Iudge ze, gif this be trew.
Sen I haue chaipit this firie farie,
Adew I will na langer tarie,
To cumber zow with my clatter:
Bot I will with ane humbill spreit,
Gang serve the Hermeit of Lareit:
And leir him for till flatter.

Heir sal enter Foly

Foly.

¶ Gude day my Lords and als God ſaine,
Dois na man bid gude day againe?
Quhen fuillis ar ſow then ar thay faine,
Ken ze nocht me?
How call thay me can ze nocht tell?
Now be him that herryit hell,
I wait nocht how thay call my ſell,
Bot gif I lie.

Diligen. Quhat brybour is this that maks ſic beiris?

Foly. The feind reſſaue that mouth that ſpeirs:
Gude-man ga play zow with zour feiris,
With muck vpon zour mow:

Diligence. Eond fuill quhair hes thou bene ſa lait?

Foly. Marie cummand throw the Schogait.
Bot thair hes bene ane great debait,
Betwixt me and ane Sow.
The Sow cryit guff and I to ga,
Throw ſpeid of fute I gat awa,
Bot in the midſt of the cawſa,
I fell into ane midding:
Scho lap vpon me with ane bend,
Quha ever the midings ſould amend,
God ſend them ane miſchevous end,
For that is bot Gods bidding.
As I was pudlit thair God wait,
Bot with my club I maid debait:
Iſe never cum againe that gait,
I ſweir zow be Alhallows
I wald the officiars of the toun,
That ſuffers ſic confuſioun,
That thay war harbreit with Mahown,

Or

Or hangit on ane gallows.
Fy fy that sic ane fair cuntrie,
Sould stand sa lang but policie:
I gif them to the Devill hartlie.
That hes the wyte:
I wald the Provost wald tak in heid,
Of zon midding to make remeid,
Quhilk pat me and the Sow at feid,
Quhat may I do bot flyte?
¶Rex. Pas on my servant Diligence,
And bring zon fuill to our presence.
Diligence. That sall be done but tarying,
Foly ze man ga to the King.
Foly. The King, quhat kynde of thing is that?
Is zon he with the goldin Hat?
Diligence. Zon same is he, cum on thy way:
Foly. Gif ze be King God zow gude day,
I haue ane plaint to make to zow:
Rex. Quhom on Folie?----
----Folie. Marie on ane Sow.
Sir scho hes sworne that scho sall sla me,
Or ellis byte baith my balloks fra me:
Gif ze be King be Sanct Allan,
Ze sould do Iustice to ilk man.
Had I nocht keipit me with my club,
The Sow had drawin me in ane dub.
I heir them say thair is cum to the toun,
Ane King callit Correctioun.
I pray zow tell me quhilk is he:
Diligence. Zon with the wings, may nocht se?
Folie. Now wallie fall that weill fairde mow,
Sir I pray zow correct zon Sow:

Quhilk with hir teith but ſword or knyfe,
Had maiſt haue reft me of my lyfe:
Gif ze will nocht mak correctioun,
Than gif me zour protectioun
Of all Swyne for to be skaithles
Betuix this toun and Innernes.
Dili, Foly hes thou ane wyfe at hame?
Foly. Zea that I haue, God ſend hir ſchame:
I trow be this ſcho is neir deid,
I left ane wyfe bindand hir heid,
To ſchaw hir ſeiknes I think ſchame,
Scho hes ſic rumbling in hir wambe:
That all the nicht my hart overcaſts,
With bocking and with thunder-blaſts.
Diligence. Peradventure ſcho be with bairne:
Folie. Allace I trow ſcho be forfairne.
Scho ſobbit and ſcho fell in ſown,
And than thay rubbit hir vp and doun:
Scho riftit, rountit and maid ſic ſtends,
Scho zeild and gaid at baith the ends.
Till ſcho had caſtin ane cuppill of quarts
Syne all turnit to ane rickill of farts.
Scho blubert, bockit and braikit ſtill,
Hir arſſe gaid evin lyke ane wind mill.
Scho ſtumblit and ſtutterit with ſic ſtends,
That ſcho recantit at baith the ends.
Sik diſmell drogs fra hir ſcho ſchot,
Quhill ſcho maid all the fluir on flot.
Of hir hurdies ſcho ſcho had na hauld,
Quhill ſcho had twmed hir monyfauld:
¶ Dilig. Better bring hir to the Leitches heir:
Folie. Trittill trattill, ſcho may nocht ſteir,

Heir

Hir verie buttoks maks sic beir,
It skars baith foill and fillie:
Scho bocks sik bagage fra hir breist,
He wants na bubbils that sittis hir neist,
And ay scho cryis a preist a preist,
With ilk a quhillie lillie.
Diligence. Recoverit scho nocht at the last?
Folie. Zea bot wit ze weil scho fartit fast.
Bot quhen scho sichis my hart is sorie,
Diligence. Bot drinks scho ocht? ---
---Folie. Ze be Sanct Marie,
Ane quart at anis it will nocht tarie,
And leif the Devill a drap:
Than sic flobbage scho layis fra hir,
About the wallis, God wait sic wair,
Quhen it was drunkin I gat to skair,
The lickings of the cap.
¶ Diligence. quhat is in that creill I pray the tell?
Folie. Marie I haue Folie-Hats to sell,
Dili. I pray the sell me ane or tway:
Folie. Na tarie quhill the market day.
I will sit doun heir be Sanct Clune,
And gif my babies thair disiune.
Cum heir gude Glaiks my dochter deir
Thou salbe maryit within ane zeir,
Vpon ane freir of Tillilum,
Na thou art nather deaf nor dum:
Cum hidder Stult my sone and air,
My ioy thou art baith gude and fair:
Now sall I fend zow as I may
Thocht ze cry lyke ane Ke all day.

Heir sal the bairns cry keck lyke ane Kaeand
he sal put meat in thair mouth.

Diligence. Get vp Folie but tarying,
And speid zow haistelie to the King:
Get vp me think the carle is dum.
Folie. Now bum baleriebum bum.
¶Diligence. I trow the trucour lyis in ane trance
Get vp man with ane mirrie mischance:
Or be Sanct Dyonis of France,
Ise gar the want thy wallet:
Its schame to se man how thow lyis,
Folie. Wa zit againe now this is thryis:
□The Devill wirrie me and I ryse,
Bot I sall break thy pallet.
Me think my pillok will nocht ly doun,
Hauld doun zour head ze lurdon loun,
Zon fair las with the Sating goun
Gars zow thus bek and bend:
Take thair ane neidill for zour cace
Now for all the hiding of zour face,
Had I zow in ane quyet place.
Ze wald nocht waine to flend.
Thir bony armis that ar cled in silk,
Ar evin als wantoun as any wilk,
I wald forbeir baith bread and milk
To kis thy bony lippis:
Suppois ze luke as ze war wraith,
War ze at quyet behind ane claith,
Ze wald not stick to preise my graith,
With hobling of zour hippis.
Diligence. Suyith harlot haist the to the King
And let allane thy trattilling.
Lo heir is Folie sir alreadie,
Ane richt sweir swingeour be our Ladie.

Thou

Folie. Thou art not half sa sweir thy sell,
Quhat meins this pulpit, I pray the tell?
Dili. Our new Bischops hes maid ane preiching,
Bot thou heard never sic pleasant teiching:
Zon Bischop wil preich throch the coast,
Folie. Than stryk ane hag into the poast,
For I hard never in all my lyfe,
Ane Bischop cum to preich in Fyfe.
Gif Bischops to be preichours leiris,
Wallaway quhat sall word of freiris?
Gif Prelats preich in brugh and land,
The sillie freirs I vnd erstand
Thay will get na mair meall nor malt,
Sa I dreid freirs sall die for falt. want.
Sen sa is that zon nobill King,
Will mak men Bischops for preiching:
Quhat say ze sirs, hauld ze nocht best?
That I gang preich amang the rest.
Quhen I haue preichit on my best wayis,
Then will I sell my merchandise,
To my bretherin and tender maits,
That dwels amang the thrie estaits.
For I haue heir gude chaifery,
Till any fuill that lists to by. to our for.

Heir sall Foly hing vp his harnis on the pulpet and say.

¶ God sen I had ane Doctours hude.

Rex. Quhy Folie wald thou mak ane preiching?
Folie. Zea that I wald sir be the Rude,
But eyther flattering or fleiching. without.
Rex. Now brother let vs heir his teiching,
To pas our tyme and heir him raise. raise.
Dili. He war far meiter for the kitching,

Amang the pottis ſa Chriſt me ſaiſe.
Fond Foly ſall I be thy Clark,
And anſweir the ay with amen:
Foly. Now at the beginning of my wark,
The feind reſſaue that graceles grim.

Heir ſal Folie begin hir ſermon, as followis.

Stultorum numerus infinitus.

¶ Salomon the maiſt ſapient King
In Iſraell quhan he did ring,
Thir words in effect did write,
The number of fuillis ar infinite.
I think na ſchame ſa Chriſt me ſaiſe,
To be ane fuill amang the laiſe,
Howbeit ane hundreth ſtands heir by,
Perventure als great fuillis as I.

Stultorum.

¶ I haue of my Genelogie,
Dwelland in everie cuntrie,
Earles, Duiks, Kings, and Empriours,
With mony guckit Conquerours:
Quhilk dois in Folie perſeveir,
And hes done ſa this many zeir,
Sum ſeiks to warldlie dignities,
And ſum to ſenſuall vanities
Quhat vails all thir vaine honours,
Nocht being ſure to leiſe twa houris?
Sum greidie fuill dois fill ane box,
Ane vther fuill cummis and breaks the lox:
And ſpends that vther fuillis hes ſpaird,
Quhilk never thocht on them to wairde,
Sum dois as thay ſould never die,
Is nocht this folie, quhat ſay ze?

Sapientia

Sapientia huius mundi ſtultitia eſt apud Deum.

Becaus thair is ſa many fuillis,
Rydand on hors and ſum on muillis:
Heir I haue bocht gude chafery,
Till ony fuill that liſts to by.
And ſpecialiie for the thrie eſtaits,
Quhair I haue mony tender maits:
Quhilk cauſit them as ze may ſe,
Gang backwart throw the haill cuntrie.
Gif with my merchandiſe ze liſt to mell,
Heir I haue Folie-Hattis to ſell.
Quhairfoir is this Hat wald ze ken?
Marie for inſatiabill merchant men.
Quhen God hes ſend them abundance
Ar nocht content with ſufficiance.
Bot faillis into the ſtormy blaſtis,
In Winter to get greater caſtis:
In mony terribill great torment,
Againſt the Acts of Parliament.
Sum tynis thair geir, and ſum ar drounde,
With this ſic merchants ſould be crounde.
Dili. Quhom to ſchaips thou to ſell that hude?
I trow to ſum great man of gude.
Folie. This hude to ſell richt faine I wald,
Till him that is baith auld & cald:
Reddie till pas to hell or heavin,
And hes fair bairns ſax or ſeavin:
And is of age fourſcoir of zeir,
And taks ane laſſe to be his peir:
Quhilk is nocht fourteine zeir of age,
And ioynis with hir in mariage:
Geiſand hir traiſt that ſcho nocht wald,

Rycht haistelie mak him cuckald,
Quha maryes beand sa neir thair dead,
Set on this Hat vpon his head.
Dili. Quhat Hude is that tell me I pray the?
Folie. This is ane haly Hude I say the,
This Hude is ordanit I the assure,
For Spirituall fuillis that taks in cure,
The saullis of great Diosies,
And regiment of great Abesies,
For gredines of warldlie pelse,
Than can nocht iustlie gyde them selse.
Vthers sauls to saise it settis them weill,
Syne sell them a win saullis to the Deuil,
Quha ever dois sa, this I conclude,
Vpon his heid set on this Hude.
Diligence. Foly is thair ony sic men
Now in the Kirk that thou can ken?
How sall I ken them?----
----Folie. Na keip that clois,
Ex operibus eorum cognoscetis eos.
And fuillis speik of the Prelacie,
It will be hauldin for herisie.
¶ Rex. Speik on hardlie I gif the leise:
Foly. Than my remissioun is in my sleise.
Will ze leise me to speik of Kings?
Rex. Zea hardlie speik of all kin things.
Foly. Conforming to my first narratioun,
Ze ar all fuillis be Coks passioun.
Dili. Thou leis, I trow this fuill be mangit.
Folie. Gif I lie God nor thou behangit.
For I haue heir, I to the tell
Ane nobill cap imperiell,

Quhilk

Quhilk is nocht ordanit bot for doings,
Of Empreours, of Duiks and Kings.
For princelie and imperiall fuillis,
Thay ſould haue luggis als lang as Muillis.
The pryde of Princes without in faill,
Gais all the warld rin top ovir taill,
To win them warldlie gloir and gude,
Thay cure nocht ſchedding of ſaikles blude.
Quhat cummer haue ze had in Scotland,
Be our auld enemies of Ingland?
Had nocht bene the ſupport of France,
We had bene brocht to great miſchance.
Now I heir tell the Empreour,
Schaippis for till be ane Conquerour.
And is muiſing his ordinance,
Againſt the Nobill King of France.
Bot I knaw nocht his iuſt querrell,
That he hes for till mak battell,
All the Princes of Almanie,
Spainze, Flanders and Italie.
This preſent zeir ar in ane flocht:
Sum ſall thair wages find deir bocht.
The Paip with bombard, ſpeir and ſcheild,
Hes ſend his armie to the feild.
Sanct Peter, Sanct Paull nor Sanct Androw,
Raiſit never ſic ane Oiſt I trow.
Is this fraternall charitie,
Or furious folie, quhat ſay ze?
Thay leird nocht this at Chriſtis Scuillis:
Thairfoir I think them verie fuillis.
I think it folie be Gods mother,
Ilk Chriſtian Prince to ding doun vther:

Becaus that this hat ſould belang them,
Gang thou and part it evin amang them,
The Propheſie withouttin weir,
Of Merling beis compleit this zeir:
For my gudame the Gyre Carling,
Leirnde me the Propheſie of Marling:
Quhairof I ſall ſchaw the ſentence,
Gif ze will gif me audience.

Flos Franreſurgent, ſimul Hiſpan viribus urgent,
Dani vaſtabunt, Vallones valla parabunt.
Sic tibi nomen in a mulier cacauit in olla:
Hoc epulum comedes----

Diligence. Marie that is ane il ſauorit diſche.
Folie. Sa be this Propheſie plainlie appeirs,
That mortall weirs ſalbe amang freirs:
Thay ſall nocht knaw weill in thair cloſters,
To quhom thay ſall ſay thair Pater noſters.
Wald thay fall to and fecht with ſpeir and ſheild
The feind mak cuir quhilk of them win the feild.
Now of my ſermon haue I maid ane end,
To Gilly-mouband I zow all commend.
And I zow all beſeik richt hartfullie:
Pray for the ſaull of gude Cacaphatie:
Quhilk laitlie drownit himſelf into Lochleavin,
That his ſweit ſaull may be aboue the heavin.
¶ Diligen. Famous peopil hartlie I zow requyre,
This lytill ſport to tak in patience,
We traiſt to God, and we leif ane vther zeir,
Quhair we haue failit we ſall do diligence,
With mair pleaſure to mak zow recompence:
Becaus we haue bene ſum part tedious
With mater rude, denude of eloquence,
Likewyſe perchance, to ſum men odious,

¶ Now

¶ Now let ilk man his way avance:
Let sum ga drink and sum ga dance:
Menstrell, blaw vp ane brawll of France,
Let se quha hobbils best:
For I will rin incontinent,
To the Tavern or ever I stent:
And pray to God omnipotent,
To send zow all gude rest.

Rex sapiens æterne Deus genitorque benigne,
Sit tibi perpetuo gloria, laus & honor.

Printed at Edinburgh be
Robert Charteris.

AN. DO. MDCII.

And are to be sauld in his Buith on the North-side
of the Gait, at the West-side of the auld
Prouosts Clos head.